

THE AMERICAN Greatest Circulation in the World WEEKLY

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

Magazine Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser.
Circulation, 1937, in the United States of America, 2,
American Weekly, Inc., 100 Madison Avenue, New York,
New York. Copyright, 1937, by American Weekly, Inc.
Reproduction in whole or in part is forbidden.

Sunday, Dec. 26, 1937

Paintings for the Smart Set of Ancient Rome

Newly Discovered Frescoes That Helped to Amuse the Rulers of the Ancient World While Holiday Making at Pompeii



"The Street Musicians." Imitating the Comedians of the Theatre. A Greek Mosaic Bearing the Signature of Dioskurides, an Eminent Greek Artist, Found in a Pompeian Home.



"Who Buys Love?" A Wall Painting From a Villa in Pompeii.



The Appearance of These Two Pompeian Women Who Are Visiting an Old Witch to Obtain Potions Which Will Win Lovers for Them, Suggests That They Would Need Magic to Fascinate a Man. This Fresco Is Now in the National Museum at Naples.



"Centaur and Bacchantess," a Charming Painting Discovered in a Villa in Pompeii, Now in the National Museum at Naples.

WHEN Vesuvius overwhelmed Pompeii 2,000 years ago with lava and volcanic mud and ashes, it performed a splendid service for the historians of future centuries.

Pompeii and its neighbor city, Herculaneum, were popular resorts for the wealthy and fashionable of Rome, the capital city. But while the buried ruins of the Forum and the palaces of the Caesars have been explored in Rome, there has never been found any such wealth of material as the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum have yielded. Sealed by the volcanic flood, the mosaics and wall frescoes have, after twenty centuries, been revealed and recovered with all their original brilliancy and color and perfection of detail.

When the smart set of ancient Rome grew weary of politics and war, when the heat of summer brought the miasma from the nearby marshes to the Eternal City, poet, orator, senator and wealthy landowner hastened to seek relaxation and refreshment from the sea. Here it was the pride of the wealthy to entertain their guests showing them the masterpieces of art which had been painted at their order to decorate the walls of their luxurious villas. Others called the attention of their visitors to wonderful mosaics made to fill out a niche, or to delight one as he entered the

portico, and others could point to pretty dancing girls.

Because the society folk of Rome came thither for relaxation, the very decorations of the dining halls and rooms were done in fanciful style. The artists gave loose rein to their imaginative powers, inserting the playful, the satirical even the comic, into their compositions. Their themes are Love and Music, Pleasure and the Dance.

Study the group "Who Buys Love?" and catch the satiric charm of its sentiment, the auctioning off of Love, its beauty of color and perfection of composition.

See the lightness in the "Centaur and Bacchantess" with the comic touch of the girl pulling the Centaur's hair. Here is art for humanity on a holiday.

One of the most entertaining pictures shows two Pompeian women visiting an old witch to obtain a love potion. The appearance of the women suggests that they would need magic to fascinate a man. These paintings are so modern in style and subject that they look as if they might have been made yesterday in Paris.

Nowhere has the art of the mosaic risen to greater heights than at Pompeii and Herculaneum. Apparently no expense was spared, and only the ablest artists were secured to make these masterpieces of composition and color.

White Men in Tropical Climates

ENGLISHMEN have long been famous for insisting on taking along portable bathtubs to the most outlandish spots on earth, until by the many march of civilization has come to replace a white man in white hat and shorts taking a bathtub through the jungle the "white man's burden."

Now comes the news that the British have gone a fantastic step further in their attempt to make believe that they are still in dear old London no matter where they really are. "Should they feel 'under the weather' about being so far from home and London? they need merely turn on their "private weather."

The home-made climate which is always on tap is provided for them in what is known as an "air-cooled cubicle" and for the owners of one of these gadgets, it's always fair weather, no matter how torrid or horrid it may be outside. The patriotic Britisher while abroad can experience heated air so like the real "sun" that he would inhale in Berkeley Square, that he gets all the illusions, or discomforts, of home. "Back to blighty" is now the English put it.

The trick is simple and scientific. One turns on the "air shower" in a prefabricated hut, and then he can regenerate himself to whatever temperature he longs for. An explorer, tired of jungle steam, can thus put himself "on ice" for any length of time.

The inventors of this fantastic device are not, as one might imagine, fake rain-makers or old turning in new houses. But serious and learned engineers at the Royal Institute in London. The organization, which studies the diseases and health of the white man in the tropics, announced to have worked on the air-cubicle for years. But only recently did their efforts come to light when Major Lockwood Stevens described the new air-fixing apparatus at a meeting of the Industrial Advisory Committee of the Institute.

The value of this for British travelers of the future is that they will be able to carry with them small cubes of London climate in which to sleep, eat and write letters home without fear of degenerating in health or efficiency. The main purpose of the inventors was to produce a pri-



With One of the New "Blighty Boxes" a Tropical Traveler Can Escape From the Sweating Heat and Turn on Any Kind of Weather He Wants in the Portable Cubicle.

vide climate at a cost of about \$500 a unit, for colonial members of the Empire to take refuge in and so prolong their usefulness. The refrigerating cubicles cost only a few cents a day to run.

In other words, the shower of home air is not as foolish as it first sounds. The scientists who have devised this means of keeping the Englishman cool in foreign climes knew what they were doing; he can now feel at home anywhere and breathe easier. They realized that "home sweet home" is the best place for working and keeping in good health, because the climate of home is what one is most accustomed to. Yet, unlike the man that carries his house on his back, the footloose Britisher can stay at home in the important respect of climate when he travels.

Not that his experience in this respect is limited to a gust of London. He can set his instruments for whatever climate he desires, and so, no matter where he is, he can inhale New York, Berlin or Calcutta air, or even get a whiff of Alaska or Death Valley—the last, perhaps, if he desires that life in the wilderness, air or no air, isn't worth living. All he has to know, to get his airings, is the average temperature and humidity of the particular climate in which he wants to breathe.

The way this air-bath unit works is simple enough. It is a tiny portable house so built that the inside temperature can't get out and the outside temperature can't get in. This but, connected to a small refrigerating unit and an electric motor, cools the air in it to any temperature desired and at the same time freezes out moisture so that the cool dry air of a mountain climate can be produced in a steaming tropical jungle. Fresh air currents in automatically, and thus, when cooled and dried, takes the place of the stale air that is forced out.

It is not even necessary to be near a power line for electricity. A small gasoline engine, like those used for outdoor motors, may be used. It also is portable, and so can be brought to the desired spot by airplane, land, or on the backs of porters.

It has long been recognized that a big fault of Colonial Empire is the way white men deteriorate in the tropics, so that they become inefficient, unambitious dregs. The classic book on this subject, "Civilization and Climate," by Ellsworth Huntington, lists as effects of the tropics, an inertia of body and mind, nervousness and enervation, and that tropical diseases are easily susceptible to, fits of anger and violence, drunkenness and weakness. This harm increases with the general heat, and the children are weakened by tropical conditions that the children must either be sent back to Europe to recover their health, or else they become enfeebled and their descendants soon die out.

Much of this may be changed by the air-cubicles. Diet probably will be also improved by the air-conditioned tubs. Food can be kept better in such cool places. Appetites will doubtless be improved, and normal amounts are eaten in climatic comfort. But perhaps most valuable of all will be the defense of such windowless cabins against germs and insects that carry germs.

But though there is no window, breezes will blow just as if there were one, and just as if no wilderness, but Paradise, were beyond the walls.

Bizarre Customs of the Eskimos

IN AMERICA there has come into usage a curious phrase, "Eskimo morality," to describe the custom of families or groups which share their wives with friends or guests. The reason for the phrase, of course, is that this sort of thing is customary among some Eskimo tribes and is as accepted by them as monogamy is accepted among whites.

But now, Uncle Sam, through his spokesman John Collier, chief of the Federal Government's Indian Office, has publicly announced that the marriage customs of the Eskimos of Alaska are "okay" and must not be tampered with by Americans who in visiting Alaska are shocked by the things that they find going on.

The Federal policy was announced after a report came to Washington that at least one American teacher in Alaska was trying to force white men's marriage regulations on the puzzled Eskimos. But, apparently, if the Eskimo morality worked out all these years, it is not lightly to be rejected. Of course, visitors to Alaska should not take literally the proverb, coined by St. Augustine, "when in Rome do as the Romans do." But

Not only does Mr. Collier say that the Eskimos are doing all right, he says, "They are the most virtuous people in the world. Our custom would be old-fashioned and immoral to an Eskimo."

Undoubtedly if the family approves of the Eskimo can love-life does not come under the moral disapproval of the Eskimo morality as Americans think of it. It is, however, a different matter if the Eskimo girl hunts a husband, she does not have to keep the first specimen she captures. She can "try again," if at first she does not succeed in finding a mate to her fancy.

Apparently the Arctic belle believes that the end justifies the means, and so she does not preserve the tradition of her white sister that a woman must be shy toward men. As a result, the ones to follow are strictly the husbands.

In other words, just as in America, a youth is permitted to philander a bit before marriage, so the Eskimo girl is permitted a few excursions before "settling down."

Perhaps the purpose of allowing the girl this fling is to make her more reconciled to marriage afterwards than she would be. Instead of wondering all her life what other men would be like, and perhaps trying to find out, she has the experience to begin with, so that nothing need come from her marriage. In this way also, the Eskimos say, there is less danger of picking the wrong marriage partner.

The birth of a child commits the mother to a life of domesticity. But when her first child is about to be born, she has to settle down with whichever man is responsible and from that time on she must be faithful, thus, although the first choice is usually an "experiment," the ones to follow are strictly the husbands.

In other words, just as in America, a youth is permitted to philander a bit before marriage, so the Eskimo girl is permitted a few excursions before "settling down."

Perhaps the purpose of allowing the girl this fling is to make her more reconciled to marriage afterwards than she would be. Instead of wondering all her life what other men would be like, and perhaps trying to find out, she has the experience to begin with, so that nothing need come from her marriage. In this way also, the Eskimos say, there is less danger of picking the wrong marriage partner.

The birth of a child commits the mother to a life of domesticity. But when her first child is about to be born, she has to settle down with whichever man is responsible and from that time on she must be faithful, thus, although the first choice is usually an "experiment," the ones to follow are strictly the husbands.

In other words, just as in America, a youth is permitted to philander a bit before marriage, so the Eskimo girl is permitted a few excursions before "settling down."

Perhaps the purpose of allowing the girl this fling is to make her more reconciled to marriage afterwards than she would be. Instead of wondering all her life what other men would be like, and perhaps trying to find out, she has the experience to begin with, so that nothing need come from her marriage. In this way also, the Eskimos say, there is less danger of picking the wrong marriage partner.

The birth of a child commits the mother to a life of domesticity. But when her first child is about to be born, she has to settle down with whichever man is responsible and from that time on she must be faithful, thus, although the first choice is usually an "experiment," the ones to follow are strictly the husbands.

In other words, just as in America, a youth is permitted to philander a bit before marriage, so the Eskimo girl is permitted a few excursions before "settling down."

Perhaps the purpose of allowing the girl this fling is to make her more reconciled to marriage afterwards than she would be. Instead of wondering all her life what other men would be like, and perhaps trying to find out, she has the experience to begin with, so that nothing need come from her marriage. In this way also, the Eskimos say, there is less danger of picking the wrong marriage partner.

The birth of a child commits the mother to a life of domesticity. But when her first child is about to be born, she has to settle down with whichever man is responsible and from that time on she must be faithful, thus, although the first choice is usually an "experiment," the ones to follow are strictly the husbands.

In other words, just as in America, a youth is permitted to philander a bit before marriage, so the Eskimo girl is permitted a few excursions before "settling down."

Perhaps the purpose of allowing the girl this fling is to make her more reconciled to marriage afterwards than she would be. Instead of wondering all her life what other men would be like, and perhaps trying to find out, she has the experience to begin with, so that nothing need come from her marriage. In this way also, the Eskimos say, there is less danger of picking the wrong marriage partner.

The birth of a child commits the mother to a life of domesticity. But when her first child is about to be born, she has to settle down with whichever man is responsible and from that time on she must be faithful, thus, although the first choice is usually an "experiment," the ones to follow are strictly the husbands.

In other words, just as in America, a youth is permitted to philander a bit before marriage, so the Eskimo girl is permitted a few excursions before "settling down."

monogamy, adultery after marriage is practically unknown, and divorce is rare. This is in direct contradiction to the popular notion that the Eskimo changes his wives often, thus his clothes.

But the "trial marriage" is so literally a trial to the quaking male that it's a long time before some of them get married. A timid Eskimo is of little use in the presence of a girl's family. Their watchfulness is truly discouraging for a romantic youth, and even worse, he has to indicate his affection entirely by his actions, because under the strange circumstances of his courtship he can't do much talking.

The girl's family starts the fantastic courtship. It invites the young man to come and live with them. The chosen avain does his best show suit, consisting of long fur pants, knee-length shirt made of reindeer skin, and a waterproof parka made of bleached seal skin with the fur removed. The moves in.

There are certain obstacles, however, before the romance gets anywhere. The girl sleeps on one side of the igloo, the young man on the other. In between sleeps the girl's entire family including her brothers and her father. The idea is for the groom-to-be to make his way over to the girl's side, and then, if he can, to stay there all night without waking anybody up.

If he fails, this may be soon achieved. A timid man sometimes takes several months to make the perilous journey. A man who is sure of himself may hazard an earlier sortie, but, of course, if the family doesn't like him, that is too bad. It stops him by sending him about his business.

But why did that man go in? The idea is that they want to get to know him better and see whether he is a worthy heir to the girl's family. And, they expect him to respect their wishes.

enough not to make an immediate effort to approach the girl. On the other hand, the advantage in waiting is that he can be watchful. Then, having bided his time, he can get away with his more or less honorable intentions.

Undoubtedly if the family approves of the young man and happens to hear him sneaking over to the girl, it unanimously shuts its eyes and ears to the incident and pretends to know nothing about it.

To alien eyes, this may seem a shocking procedure, but Government Eskimo experts insist that the affair is conducted with almost ritualistic dignity.

Words during courtship are reduced to a minimum. But the Eskimo male demonstrates his tender sentiments in other ways. He makes his bride-price gifts of carved ivory and beaded ornaments. It used to be that he would present her with a toothsome strip of whale blubber. But since the coming of the white trader, he presents her with a bag of gum drops.

There are other innovations of the white man which the Eskimo looks upon with gratitude. Not the least of them is kissing, an importation that was accomplished by way of the white man's movie shown under the light of the polar stars and it is to be feared, by more direct means as well. The kiss has found enthusiastic favor in this land

After the tender romance has blossomed, the Eskimo girl is expected to marry the father of her child, and he has to go out and buy an igloo for his bride. No children, no marriage, however—if the girl doesn't have a child, the "match" falls through. Lucky would the Eskimo suitor seem to be, for he would have some time before he starts his "courtship presents." Yet she is not happy, for among the Eskimos it is a grave disgrace not to be able to have children.

Children tell each other defiantly that "wicks and stens can break my bones, but names can never hurt me. One is apt to wonder whether that is still true. If the name is legalised like that of "Mark Outlaw," "Chance Small" and "Lovey P. Honey." Many names show faith and hope, however.

Thus, there is undoubted courage implicit in "Future Gate" and good nature in "Future Feeling." "Parley Gates" is as bright a name as one could want, and so is "Mrs. Sunshine Honey." One pair of twins was proudly given the names of "Serve Ye the Lord Jenkins" and "Obey the Lord Jenkins."

Other "character" names that tell much and so give the lie to Shakespeare's opinion that a name does not matter: "Clarence F. Beanblossom," "Bertie M. Pigfoot," "Dread Transport Payne," "Alice Bell-Baron," "Shy Few," "Unity D. Dancy," and "My Bo Marcus." Outspoken about how it happened soon to be named like "Surprise Maple" and "Beneath Moon."

There are the saucy names, invoking visions of food. Thus, Mr. Toombs found a "Ham Fox" combination, a "Lute Tea Orange" to go with it, a "Clonous Ham" if one insists on the best, and a "Candy Hare" as desert. For the whereabout to buy all this, there is a "Fanny Hunter."

There are the names that tell much and so give the lie to Shakespeare's opinion that a name does not matter: "Clarence F. Beanblossom," "Bertie M. Pigfoot," "Dread Transport Payne," "Alice Bell-Baron," "Shy Few," "Unity D. Dancy," and "My Bo Marcus." Outspoken about how it happened soon to be named like "Surprise Maple" and "Beneath Moon."

There are the saucy names, invoking visions of food. Thus, Mr. Toombs found a "Ham Fox" combination, a "Lute Tea Orange" to go with it, a "Clonous Ham" if one insists on the best, and a "Candy Hare" as desert. For the whereabout to buy all this, there is a "Fanny Hunter."

There are the names that tell much and so give the lie to Shakespeare's opinion that a name does not matter: "Clarence F. Beanblossom," "Bertie M. Pigfoot," "Dread Transport Payne," "Alice Bell-Baron," "Shy Few," "Unity D. Dancy," and "My Bo Marcus." Outspoken about how it happened soon to be named like "Surprise Maple" and "Beneath Moon."

There are the saucy names, invoking visions of food. Thus, Mr. Toombs found a "Ham Fox" combination, a "Lute Tea Orange" to go with it, a "Clonous Ham" if one insists on the best, and a "Candy Hare" as desert. For the whereabout to buy all this, there is a "Fanny Hunter."

There are the names that tell much and so give the lie to Shakespeare's opinion that a name does not matter: "Clarence F. Beanblossom," "Bertie M. Pigfoot," "Dread Transport Payne," "Alice Bell-Baron," "Shy Few," "Unity D. Dancy," and "My Bo Marcus." Outspoken about how it happened soon to be named like "Surprise Maple" and "Beneath Moon."

There are the saucy names, invoking visions of food. Thus, Mr. Toombs found a "Ham Fox" combination, a "Lute Tea Orange" to go with it, a "Clonous Ham" if one insists on the best, and a "Candy Hare" as desert. For the whereabout to buy all this, there is a "Fanny Hunter."

There are the names that tell much and so give the lie to Shakespeare's opinion that a name does not matter: "Clarence F. Beanblossom," "Bertie M. Pigfoot," "Dread Transport Payne," "Alice Bell-Baron," "Shy Few," "Unity D. Dancy," and "My Bo Marcus." Outspoken about how it happened soon to be named like "Surprise Maple" and "Beneath Moon."

There are the saucy names, invoking visions of food. Thus, Mr. Toombs found a "Ham Fox" combination, a "Lute Tea Orange" to go with it, a "Clonous Ham" if one insists on the best, and a "Candy Hare" as desert. For the whereabout to buy all this, there is a "Fanny Hunter."

There are the names that tell much and so give the lie to Shakespeare's opinion that a name does not matter: "Clarence F. Beanblossom," "Bertie M. Pigfoot," "Dread Transport Payne," "Alice Bell-Baron," "Shy Few," "Unity D. Dancy," and "My Bo Marcus." Outspoken about how it happened soon to be named like "Surprise Maple" and "Beneath Moon."

There are the saucy names, invoking visions of food. Thus, Mr. Toombs found a "Ham Fox" combination, a "Lute Tea Orange" to go with it, a "Clonous Ham" if one insists on the best, and a "Candy Hare" as desert. For the whereabout to buy all this, there is a "Fanny Hunter."

There are the names that tell much and so give the lie to Shakespeare's opinion that a name does not matter: "Clarence F. Beanblossom," "Bertie M. Pigfoot," "Dread Transport Payne," "Alice Bell-Baron," "Shy Few," "Unity D. Dancy," and "My Bo Marcus." Outspoken about how it happened soon to be named like "Surprise Maple" and "Beneath Moon."

Went on His Life And Then Couldn't Get Her Back

THE war had just dragged itself into an Armistice, and Emmanuel Berry, an Englishman from the Bedfordshire Regiment, found himself free to go home. His comrades flicked him to England, but he stayed on.

Held in part by the glamour of Paris, and in part by a romance that was taking up his time and interest, he chose to become an expatriate. The girl, named Lota, was pretty, but poor. A proposal of marriage from this foreigner infuriated her, especially as he seemed to be generous with money. And so, reckless in her youth, she accepted. Berry was not generous. But Lota soon was married.

He realized that he was not well supplied to meet the demands of his free-and-easy ways. His money did not long outlast the war, and then he set about finding work, but they were a foreigner in Paris. So it happened only too easily that one day Emmanuel found himself with nothing in the world but a wife.

She was a willing wife, and loyal; but what good was a wife when one was hungry and cold? It doubled a man's needs when the supply was not enough for one. In this frame of mind, Berry went to Marcel, Frenchman, a taxi driver and a family friend. "Lend me some money," implored Emmanuel, but Marcel had lent him money before.

After all, was the way the Frenchman looked at it, why should he support the Englishman who had married the only girl Marcel ever cared for?

Knowing that the Englishman was about to be evicted for not paying the rent, and that he had no property left as security, Jaquet asked, "What have I in sell me for the money if I let you have some more?"

Nothing but my wife," was the unexpected reply. To Emmanuel at the time it seemed an awful thing to say, but he was free from what he considered a financial burden; even since he had married he had begun to pity himself as a victim of circumstance.

And so the bizarre bargain was made. It was a windfall for the Frenchman, and he was so eager to accept the bargain that Emmanuel Berry was able to get \$80 in cash for his bride.

But Jaquet was cautious; he wanted to make sure that the sale would be binding. "Let us make it in the presence of your wife," he said, and together they went to the diamond apartment where the Englishman and his demure wife lived.

When the proposition was announced triumphantly by her husband, she turned pale for shame. She knew that she would have nothing to do with so vile a bargain. "I am not your property," she said, "to be disposed of as you wish." But Emmanuel implored her, and said he would buy her back again as soon as he could afford it, that she finally consented to be sold. There seemed to be no other way out of their desperate plight.

Lota was sent out to buy a stamped paper on which the contract was written, and then it was signed by the two men in the presence of witnesses who were called in from across the hall. Perhaps she had pity on the girl who lived in such misery with her foreign husband, at any rate, they signed.

Then Jaquet took home his purchase and tried to reconcile the weeping girl to her new situation. She was not to be comforted—at least, not at first. But with time she came to accept things as they were and set to work to make the best of her life. Meanwhile, her husband, who had promised to buy her again, seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth, and at last he was only a memory.

The strange pair were to find in the years that followed, that they loved each other deeply.

Lota came to believe that the only reason she consented to the fantastic bargain was that deep down she realized she cared for Marcel and had tired of the novelty of a foreign mate. Perhaps it was so, at least, for seven years the taxi driver and his battered bride lived contentedly, and not once in all that time did Jaquet seem to rue his bargain.

But what is sauce for one goose is not always sauce for another. After seven years, Berry yearned more than ever for the remembered comforts that Lota had once provided, and at last he decided to get her back. Now that he had a good job and was no longer hungry, he could not imagine how he could have allowed the pretty French girl to leave him. So he began divorce proceedings, being so advised by his lawyer, in the belief that this action would result in the usual reconciliation move by the judge. Once the judge made such a motion, he assumed, his "loved-out wife" would eagerly return to him. Since "absence makes the heart grow fonder," as the verse has it, Berry supposed that such would be as much true of his wife as of himself.

But in court it came out that the wife was delighted by the exchange and that she had no intention of giving up the mate whom her husband himself appointed as his successor. And in this case, indeed, possession again proved itself to be nine-tenths of the law; for in opposing the suggestion that she return to Berry, Lota revealed the existence of the contract which says she belongs to Marcel.

In the face of the document, Berry was not able to deny that he had married his wife. Lota, however, refused a divorce petition on the ground of desertion, it will be granted. In the meantime, until she makes up her mind, Lota's "bill of sale" has been taken over by her maid.

Then Jaquet took home his purchase and tried to reconcile the weeping girl to her new situation. She was not to be comforted—at least, not at first. But with time she came to accept things as they were and set to work to make the best of her life. Meanwhile, her husband, who had promised to buy her again, seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth, and at last he was only a memory.

The strange pair were to find in the years that followed, that they loved each other deeply.

Lota came to believe that the only reason she consented to the fantastic bargain was that deep down she realized she cared for Marcel and had tired of the novelty of a foreign mate. Perhaps it was so, at least, for seven years the taxi driver and his battered bride lived contentedly, and not once in all that time did Jaquet seem to rue his bargain.

But what is sauce for one goose is not always sauce for another. After seven years, Berry yearned more than ever for the remembered comforts that Lota had once provided, and at last he decided to get her back. Now that he had a good job and was no longer hungry, he could not imagine how he could have allowed the pretty French girl to leave him. So he began divorce proceedings, being so advised by his lawyer, in the belief that this action would result in the usual reconciliation move by the judge. Once the judge made such a motion, he assumed, his "loved-out wife" would eagerly return to him. Since "absence makes the heart grow fonder," as the verse has it, Berry supposed that such would be as much true of his wife as of himself.

But in court it came out that the wife was delighted by the exchange and that she had no intention of giving up the mate whom her husband himself appointed as his successor. And in this case, indeed, possession again proved itself to be nine-tenths of the law; for in opposing the suggestion that she return to Berry, Lota revealed the existence of the contract which says she belongs to Marcel.

In the face of the document, Berry was not able to deny that he had married his wife. Lota, however, refused a divorce petition on the ground of desertion, it will be granted. In the meantime, until she makes up her mind, Lota's "bill of sale" has been taken over by her maid.

Then Jaquet took home his purchase and tried to reconcile the weeping girl to her new situation. She was not to be comforted—at least, not at first. But with time she came to accept things as they were and set to work to make the best of her life. Meanwhile, her husband, who had promised to buy her again, seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth, and at last he was only a memory.

The strange pair were to find in the years that followed, that they loved each other deeply.

Lota came to believe that the only reason she consented to the fantastic bargain was that deep down she realized she cared for Marcel and had tired of the novelty of a foreign mate. Perhaps it was so, at least, for seven years the taxi driver and his battered bride lived contentedly, and not once in all that time did Jaquet seem to rue his bargain.

But what is sauce for one goose is not always sauce for another. After seven years, Berry yearned more than ever for the remembered comforts that Lota had once provided, and at last he decided to get her back. Now that he had a good job and was no longer hungry, he could not imagine how he could have allowed the pretty French girl to leave him. So he began divorce proceedings, being so advised by his lawyer, in the belief that this action would result in the usual reconciliation move by the judge. Once the judge made such a motion, he assumed, his "loved-out wife" would eagerly return to him. Since "absence makes the heart grow fonder," as the verse has it, Berry supposed that such would be as much true of his wife as of himself.

Strange Names That Parents Give Their Children

"WHAT'S in a name?" asked Shakespeare in "Romeo and Juliet," and to that famous query there is now at least one answer ready—a hobby.

The job of Butler Toombs, director of the Georgia Bureau of Investigation, is to catalogue the names of names—and in his files are registrations of weird ones indeed. Like many another, Mr. Toombs has made a hobby out of names, and he has brought out some of the most marvelous cognomens on record.

It is said, for example, that "names make news," but apparently at times names follow the news for in Mr. Toombs' collection there is the fantastic set of twins' names, "Mossion" and "Halle Sélausse." Politics also plays its part to some degree, and so the Georgia name-collector discovered a "Roosevelt Love" in one family, and a "Hoover Depression Clark" in another.

Every day he is driven to think that a name should be a date-line. For Frances New Year McNew was born on January 1, and a colored child born on Christmas Day was named Christmas Bell. The variety of nature inspired names a bagman to flowery invention, and so there are names in Georgia like "Marietta Moore," "Dunk Jones," "Mercy Showers" and "Silver Flowers."

Apparently the old-time "character" names of South, Hope and Charley have over-exposed in such sobriquets as "Industrious Giles," "Righteous Butts" and the rather handiapping epithet of "Booze William Ringer."

Children tell each other defiantly that "wicks and stens can break my bones, but names can never hurt me. One is apt to wonder whether that is still true. If the name is legalised like that of "Mark Outlaw," "Chance Small" and "Lovey P. Honey." Many names show faith and hope, however.

Thus, there is undoubted courage implicit in "Future Gate" and good nature in "Future Feeling." "Parley Gates" is as bright a name as one could want, and so is "Mrs. Sunshine Honey." One pair of twins was proudly given the names of "Serve Ye the Lord Jenkins" and "Obey the Lord Jenkins."

Other "character" names that tell much and so give the lie to Shakespeare's opinion that a name does not matter: "Clarence F. Beanblossom," "Bertie M. Pigfoot," "Dread Transport Payne," "Alice Bell-Baron," "Shy Few," "Unity D. Dancy," and "My Bo Marcus." Outspoken about how it happened soon to be named like "Surprise Maple" and "Beneath Moon."

There are the saucy names, invoking visions of food. Thus, Mr. Toombs found a "Ham Fox" combination, a "Lute Tea Orange" to go with it, a "Clonous Ham" if one insists on the best, and a "Candy Hare" as desert. For the whereabout to buy all this, there is a "Fanny Hunter."

There are the names that tell much and so give the lie to Shakespeare's opinion that a name does not matter: "Clarence F. Beanblossom," "Bertie M. Pigfoot," "Dread Transport Payne," "Alice Bell-Baron," "Shy Few," "Unity D. Dancy," and "My Bo Marcus." Outspoken about how it happened soon to be named like "Surprise Maple" and "Beneath Moon."

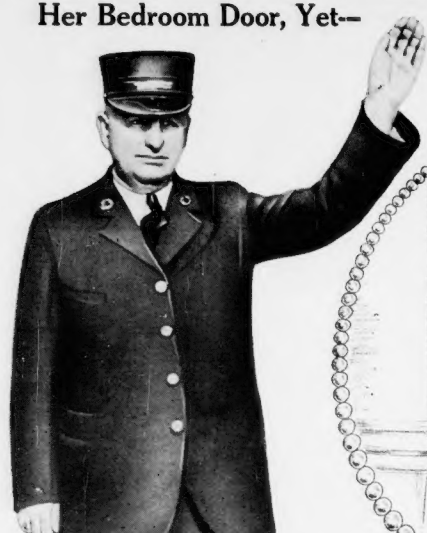
There are the saucy names, invoking visions of food. Thus, Mr. Toombs found a "Ham Fox" combination, a "Lute Tea Orange" to go with it, a "Clonous Ham" if one insists on the best, and a "Candy Hare" as desert. For the whereabout to buy all this, there is a "Fanny Hunter."

There are the names that tell much and so give the lie to Shakespeare's opinion that a name does not matter: "Clarence F. Beanblossom," "Bertie M. Pigfoot," "Dread Transport Payne," "Alice Bell-Baron," "Shy Few," "Unity D. Dancy," and "My Bo Marcus." Outspoken about how it happened soon to be named like "Surprise Maple" and "Beneath Moon."

There are the saucy names, invoking visions of food. Thus, Mr. Toombs found a "Ham Fox" combination, a "Lute Tea Orange" to go with it, a "Clonous Ham" if one insists on the best, and a "Candy Hare" as desert. For the whereabout to buy all this, there is a "Fanny Hunter."

Uncle Horace and Mr. Stiff, "Under Privileged Husband"

Poor Mr. Stiff Complains That at His Wedding His Brother-in-Law Kissed His Bride For 30 Minutes and She Always Padlocked Her Bedroom Door, Yet— He Never Realized She Didn't Love Him Until She Left the Liverwurst Out of His Lunch



Charles Augustus Stiff, Whose Romance Started On a Train and Ended in a Legal Wreck.

"Confound Romance, and all unseen, Romance brought up the S-15." Kipling.

SOME statements are too good to be true, but what railroad baggage man Charles Augustus Stiff said to his wife and his sister-in-law's rich husband did to him from the minute he was married, seemed too awful to be true. At least a jury would not help this man who may be the world's most underprivileged husband.

Mr. Stiff met Alice Ginton Smith in the course of his duties on the Jersey Central's Hudson River Express, in 1927. That day there were a lot of passengers but little baggage, so the baggage man "doubled in brass," as they used to say in the theatre, and marched down the aisle collecting tickets. He was 31 years old with a plump, cherubic face supposed to be found on a happily-married man whose wife keeps the breadwinner well-nourished. But appearances were deceptive. He was a happy bachelor who had built up all that good health and good nature in boarding houses.

Railroads say they are not responsible for the personal safety of passengers who insist on riding in the vestibules and in this irresponsible area he found a lovely lady. His conventional speech of "tickets, please," precipitated the usual feminine crisis. The lady had to hand him a huge bouquet of flowers while she hunted in her pocketbook. Not finding it there, she handed him that also, and finally, after almost undressing, discovered the slip of pasteboard in the palm of her glove.

In returning the bouquet the trainman complimented her on it. He knew something about flowers and that the rules, though forbidding employees to flatter eyes, ankles or even bonnets, permitted him to drop a pleasant word about such impersonal things as flowers and children. She turned on him such a sweet pair of "convent eyes" that he passed on with a sigh, wishing that he could marry such a lovely, inexperienced creature. But once more appearances were deceiving.

As they met again and again on the common carrier, Charles, also known as Gus, learned that she had been married once, but he was sure that whether she lost her husband by death or divorce it could not have been her fault. Also Alice warned that he was in many ways ideal material for a husband. He received a check for \$70 every two weeks and had saved up \$10,000, which meant that he didn't run around with women nor was he a heavy drinker.

Charles Augustus, one day, put on a brand new uniform and hat which bore the title of Trainman and asked her if she could marry a railroad man. He thought he saw a straight track going on forever, without a red light or crossing all the way.

True, Alice had a daughter, then 12 years old, but Isabelle was a sweet, little kitten who would be a welcome dead-end on his train of happiness. Also his fiancée had a sister Ethel, married to a very wealthy ten-cent store executive, Oscar F. Douglas Jr.



Oscar F. Douglas, Jr., the Wealthy Brother-in-Law of Mr. Stiff, Whom He Charges With Over-Kissing His Bride.

It could do no harm to have money in the family because even if he got nothing out of the rich man, surely there was nothing such a person would want to borrow from a poor working man. While they were engaged, Charles put his savings into a \$10,000 house at Plainfield, N. J., according to plans drawn up by an architect and Alice, who did not require him to waste any of his time on them. On January 4, 1928, they were married in his mother-in-law's big, stone house at Ridgewood, N. J. There for the first time he met the big executive. Charles says that Mr. Douglas looked at him with a cold eye and did not even shake hands. The bridegroom was not offended because he had just learned that Mrs. Douglas had become estranged. Why shouldn't the poor, rich man have a grouch.

The ceremony was performed exactly on time and afterward he went on receiving congratulations such as he collected tickets on the train. In his pocket were honeymoon passes to Florida, a check for a month's pay and leave for a two-week vacation. Everything was perfect and then came the first ominous note. He heard people asking where the bride was and their tone was somewhat like passengers



Uncle Horace, Thought Mr. Stiff, Must Be a Very Rich Man, but When He Visited Uncle Horace's Farm He Was Astonished to Find Uncle Horace Residing in a Small Frame House and Owning a Lonely Cow. He Certainly Didn't Look Like a Rich Uncle and His Reply, When Mr. Stiff Suggested a Loan, Stirred Suspicion That Maybe It Wasn't Uncle Horace at All Who Was Giving Mrs. Stiff All Those Presents.

asking why the train was late.

The bridegroom looked into the matter and learned that she had vanished immediately after the ceremony. His watch told him that this was 14½ minutes ago, somewhat strange to say the least. With joking remarks at first and then real concern, everyone joined in a vain hunt through the big house. He had read of brides that had been kidnapped, murdered and even some, about to marry for money instead of love, committing suicide—what could have happened? After half an hour he was ready to telephone the police when the front door opened and in came the bride on the arm of the cold, rich man.

"Have you been?" What have you been doing?" Mr. Stiff demanded. The bride made no reply but, he says, the big executive with a reproving look as if Mr. Stiff had spoken out of his turn, replied:

"I have been kissing the bride. So what?"

This answer shell-shocked Mr. Stiff's orderly, responsible mind into speechlessness. Presently, as in a trance, he felt the departing guests pumping his hand and then it was time for him and his prematurely kissed bride to go. On the honeymoon, which seems to have been satisfactory to this man who had no previous experience in that line, he asked Alice about that 30-minute kiss stopper.

"Don't be silly," he said and it seemed good advice because he felt worse than silly every time he thought about it.

Back in their brand new home, everything went well for a while, with Mr. Stiff turning over his pay check as often as it came in. In return, he said, he was allowed to sleep there, eat two meals a day and have his lunch box filled. Asked what he wanted for that lunch, Charles said he didn't care so long as it was always liverwurst sandwiches. Since the worst was delivered already sliced by the delicatessen, together with ready-sliced bread, the only labor required from Mrs. Stiff was applying a little butter which she contributed at first without a murmur.

Soon, according to Mr. Stiff's complaint, mysterious things began to happen. On his day off, while raking leaves, Charles was startled by the apparition of delivery trucks from the big New York stores bringing parcels, large and small, none of them C.O.D. The big ones contained dresses and pajamas, the little ones jewelry which Alice called "mere trinkets." He marvelled that she could manage so well on \$35 a week.

As he punched tickets he overheard bits of feminine conversation which caused him to read the advertisements of department stores and these, in turn, puzzled him so much that one day,



The Jury Decided That Mr. Stiff's Story Was Too Bad to Be True, and Somehow Mrs. Stiff, Shown Wearing Her Pearls, Is Still in Possession of the Plainfield, N. J., Love Nest, Where Love Flow Out the Windows If It Ever Entered.



The \$10,000 House Which Mr. Stiff Built Out of His Savings in Plainfield, New Jersey, but Charles Augustus Doesn't Live There Any More.

while Alice was out, he took stock of her closets and chiffoniers. In court, under cross-examination he said:

"She had four rings and a necklace for each dress she wore. She had 24 gloves and 24 necklaces. She had a lot of bracelets, some of them had diamonds in them, some had emeralds. They were very pretty."

Mr. Stiff said he was good enough at arithmetic to know she didn't buy much of that plunder on his salary, so he thought it would do no harm to ask. It did harm because it made her cross. However, she explained that everything came from her Uncle Horace whom he had met at the wedding. He remembered that gentleman favorably but nobody had told him that he was so wealthy. It was a timely discovery because the builder of his house had stuck his hand into doors and Mr. Stiff did not want to ask Douglas for a loan, because it might start another kissing outbreak. This big-hearted Uncle Horace was just the man. In his \$250,000 suit against Mr. Douglas for alienation of affections, Mr. Stiff's lawyer, Bernard H. Sandler of New York City, asked if he had asked up this rich Uncle Horace and the witness replied:

"Yes and much to my surprise I found him living on a farm and all he had to his name was a small frame house and a cow. He certainly didn't look like a rich uncle. Of course, you'd better try and see if you can't set a little aside each week from your pay. Maybe some day you'll have enough." I knew just what he meant and I changed the subject. I liked Uncle Horace very much and he was the only one of my in-laws who ever spoke to me."

picious for the first time that he had lost his wife's love. She had put locks on her bedroom door so he could not visit her and locks on her closets so he could not see what she had, he said, but this might be because he had offended her by asking questions. She used to disappear two or three times a month, he complained, merely explaining that she had visited her mother and perhaps that was all right.

"But," Mr. Stiff testified, "toward the end of 1929, I knew her love had definitely grown cold toward me. And do you know how I discovered that? It was because she started leaving the liverwurst out of my lunchbox. The last lunch she put up for me she threw in a cold frankfurter and a piece of bread without butter into the lunchbox, and she said, 'That's enough for you, you bum.' She even left out the cold potato she used to put in sometimes. She put up nice lunches for me in 1928. In 1929 she hauled me into court and I was ordered to pay her \$17 a week. The probation officer ordered her to put up my lunch and to give me a piece of liverwurst and a piece of bread. But the lunch wasn't fit for any human being."

Mr. Stiff was asked if he remembered the night he sat up with the dog and described it as follows:

"The dog was a little poodle named 'Wags.' I came off the run about 7 p. m. I got my own supper and the little dog's supper. There was no home but the dog and myself. I got up my lunch box for the next day. My wife had not got up my lunch box since 1928. I had to get my own meals. I had to do up my own lunch box because I had to leave the house at 5:30 a. m. The little dog and I were out on the front porch at first and it was getting late and cool so we went inside. I sat at the front window with the little dog in my lap and together we watched for Mrs. Stiff's return. There was an arc light in front of the house and we were watching for her to arrive. Twelve o'clock came and I got real anxious. I had expected her on the 11 o'clock bus.

"I was going to ask the State police to send out an alarm but I decided to be patient. About 2 A. M. I saw a large New York town car pull up near

This visit made the husband sus-

(Continued on Page 16)



Water-level View of a Swimming Champ.

Some Queen Slants on Our Pretty Athletes

EVER since some ardent camera enthusiast discovered that the graceful form of a feminine tennis star bounding about the court was an admirable photographic subject, no attractive athlete has been safe from vigilant picture hounds. Like death and taxes they get them in the end, and from all angles.

Some of the more unusual pictures of the recent crop are shown on this page. At the left is an odd study of Miss Elinor Peir, champion New York 100-yard breast stroke champion. This photograph, made just as she was winning a race, was taken with the camera so near the surface of the water that the lens was splashed a split-second later. At the right is an unusual slant on a young woman taking a fencing lesson in which she was so engrossed that she wouldn't stop to pose. The photographer, equal to

the occasion took her picture, anyway, by getting behind her opponent. Of course, those who are familiar with the foils and epee will rightly point out that the stance of the young woman in the foreground isn't to be found in any instruction book on fencing, and that the attractive girl in the background to fence without a mask might, in a match, mean the loss of an eye or two.

By turning the page upside down, when viewing the big picture below, it appears as if the gymnasts were holding up the ceiling.

The queer slant on Miss Alice Weiss of the American Gymnast Society at the lower left, and Miss Florence Blasch of Chicago, at the lower right, shows that the tennis quints no longer have a monopoly on unusual photographs.



A Fencing Match Seen From Below and Behind One of the Fair Competitors.



A Heady Kind of Exercise Caught by the Camera in Search of New Angles on Women Athletes.



Business Was Looking Up for the Photographer When He Caught This Pretty Gymnast on the Parallel Bars.

Mystery of the Blue Mosquitoes Explained

"I'VE SEEN a lot of queer things in the woods in my time, but a bright blue mosquito is one for the records." Jake Le Souer, a veteran trapper in the lower Columbia River Valley, said recently when he went into the general store for supplies.

The storekeeper laughed heartily. "You've been out in the timber too long," he said, "and maybe you ought to lay off the hootch." Later that day the storekeeper himself felt a sting on his hand and, looking down, he saw a mos-

quito. Only this one was not like any he had ever seen before. It was a bright cobalt blue.

"Either Jake was right or I'm seeing things, too," he said in amazement. And then other people began to report seeing bright blue mosquitoes. Nothing like that had ever happened before in the Columbia River Valley, where mosquitoes are pesky but by no stretch of the imagination beautiful.

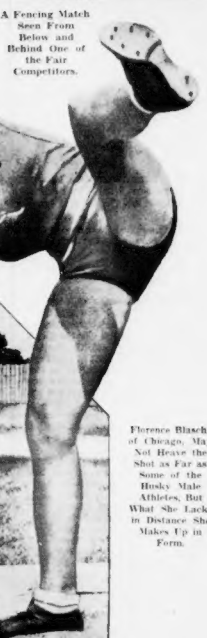
Feeling decidedly foolish about the whole matter, the storekeeper wrote a letter to the United States Department of Agriculture, confident he would be told, as he had told Le Souer, that he had been seeing things. He had many reputable townsmen as witnesses, however, and mentioned that in his letter as well as the fact that he was a total abstinent.

Much to his surprise, when he heard from Washington, the letter he received expressed the thanks of the Department of Agriculture. The mosquitoes were blue

all right, the letter stated, although nature hadn't made them that way. And the fact that the storekeeper had seen them helped the entomologists of the department to trace the extent of a mosquito's migration.

The bright blue mosquitoes were part of the entomologist's plan to work out a new method for controlling the insects. They determined mosquito flight by taking a hand sprayer through the grass and nettles that sheltered young mosquitoes, spraying the swarms that rose around them with methylene blue or eosine and later collecting specimens from the surrounding country.

Both sexes of the collections showed, dispersed in all directions from the breeding ground, against prevailing winds as well as with them. They diminished rapidly until at thirty miles there was practically none. This convinced that the bright blue mosquito was the same old pest in new clothes, the storekeeper felt that he owed



Florence Blasch, of Chicago, May Not Have the Shot as Far as Some of the Husky Male Athletes, But What She Lacks in Distance She Makes Up in Form.

Freak Beet That Stole the Flower Show

NOW and then the soil of the "Land Down Under" produces a vegetable freak that surprises the natives and helps to pub-



This Little Girl Is Holding the Biggest Silver Beet Ever Grown in the Fertile Soil of Australia.



licize the British Dominion in the South Seas among other nations.

Take the vegetable the girl is holding in the photograph below. It is what the Australians call a silver beet, although it appears to be a relative of the familiar celery plant. A few weeks ago the people of the town of Malvern staged their yearly flower show, at which they also sell some exhibits of farm produce as a sort of side line. The hall was filled with colorful and fragrant blooms, but the gigantic silver beet stole the show.

It was sprung as a surprise by one Mr. Roeger, a farmer living in nearby

Murrumbidgee. He hadn't even told his neighbors that he was bringing the slip to the fair, because he knew that some of them would be entering silver beets, too. His specimen weighed almost twice as much as the one closest to it in size and was presented to the Minister of Agriculture.

Newest "Play Suits" for British Vacationers

THE warlike group of men in the picture at the right are neither soldiers engaged in maneuvers nor civilians rehearsing for an air raid and gas attack. They are merely six English youngsters enjoying a free fortnight's vacation in their "play suits," as guests of the Government.

Recently the British War Office decided that one of the most effective ways to stimulate recruiting is to invite "guests" to see army life without obligation. Even if they decided not to enlist themselves, they undoubtedly would become so patriotically interested that they would prompt friends to do so. Accordingly, hundreds of young men are now enjoying free holidays with the 2nd London Regiment, at Arundel Park, where they do not have to

take part in camp routine or do any work. Even their "play suits" are furnished free by the War Office.

Many of the guests of the Government have been inspired to enlist for army service.

These Are Not Soldiers But Civilians Enjoying a Vacation at a British Military Camp. They Don't Have to Parade, and the Government Lends Them Suits and Pays All Their Expenses.



Even Pigs Have Nervous Breakdowns

STOCKMEN and farmers know that no normal pig lets anything disturb his thoughts when he starts to eat. But now the scientists of the Cornell Physiology Department have discovered that when a pig does hesitate, it is probably because he has a nervous breakdown.

Under the direction of Dr. Quin F. Curtis a comfortable "sty" was built in the Physiology laboratory in which two small pigs were housed. Here they learned to obtain meals by lifting the

lid of a box with their noses. They learned, too, that one signal meant "apple" and another "no apple." Their troubles began when the "apple" and "no apple" signals were given in more and more irregular sequence. The pigs' first mental signs were agitation shown by fidget motions. The second stage was indecision. The third was confusion. Their hind legs would try to walk to the apple while the front legs pushed away from it. They had nervous breakdowns.



Actors Who Never Use Their Own Faces



A Scene from the Play, "The Hawk's Well," With Two Members of the Cast Obscured Behind Two of the Many Masks Which Are Kept in the Property Room and Used for Every Play the Company Presents.

LONDON. CTORS. It is sometimes said, as a vain and egotistical lot, jealous of the acclaim of the press and the theatre-going public. There may be some truth in the charge, but no one can accuse the able members of the cast of this city's Mask Theatre of trying to impress their faces and their personalities on the patrons of their little playhouse.

These performers, as the photographs on this page interestingly show, are extremely self-effacing. In other words they never give a performance which permits them to be themselves with the customers out front. Every role assigned to a man or woman in the company calls for the wearing of a mask. It's that kind of theatre.

The Mask Theatre, on Notting Gate Hill, is one of those institutions that does not go in for modern drama. It digs back into the past for its ideas and its inspirations and presents plays in the manner of the ancient Greek actors who seldom, if ever, revealed their faces to the audience either.

It might seem that such a way of doing business would suffer at the box office because people, in this day and age, aren't much interested in seeing the plays of centuries ago resurrected, but would rather watch plays that are built around present-day situations and played by people whose features are in plain sight.

As a matter of fact theatregoers do prefer such plays, but they will take the wares of the Mask Theatre, too. And the patrons acquire a deep respect for competent actors who, in a way, thrust their own personalities into the background in order to do a job that is genuinely artistic and entertaining. The dog-like mask at the right of the page was worn by one of the Mask Theatre players in a drama of ancient

Egypt called "The Resurrection of Osiris." He represented, of course, one of the annual-headed gods who were worshipped in the days of the Pharaohs.

Not all the plays put on at the Notting Hill establishment are borrowed from Antiquity. Some of them are modern dramas written so that the entire cast does its work behind false faces. The scene, for example, between the two players, one with upraised arms and the other crouching in terror, is from a production called "The Hawk's Well."

written by the celebrated Irish dramatist and poet, W. B. Yeats.

Another of the pictures on this page—the one with two masked characters playing on gongs—was made during a performance of an ancient play filled with forthright comedy and tragedy. The story moved forward with stolid directness and the tempo of the scene usually was set with a "Greek chorus" chanting words intended to link up the



One of London's Mask Theatre Actors Hidden Behind a False Face Which Makes Him, for the Time Being, One of the Animal-Headed Gods of Ancient Egypt.

Two Other Members of the Celebrated Company Wearing False Faces and Swathed in Robes Which Further Conceal Their Real Personalities.

Despite These Seeming Handicaps the Players are Enjoying Success at the Box Office.



Lucky If You're Short Says Scientist

SCIENCE makes any more discoveries about the superiority of short men to tall ones the latter may develop a permanent inferiority complex or seek some way of making themselves shorter.

First it was the psychologists who found out that shorter men are quicker and more aggressive, pointing to Napoleon as the outstanding example. Now Francis Mice, a physical culture expert after exhaustive investigation, has decided that short men are more handsome, stronger and healthier than tall men and, in addition, live longer than their taller brethren.

"The taller you grow the more of your growth goes into the legs. Tall men have long legs and short bodies. But short men have short legs and long bodies," Mice said.

"The world's famous strong men—Sandow, Hackenschmidt, Samson, Saldo, Maxick and Strongford were all less than five feet, nine inches. This height is ideal for men, and five feet, four inches, for women."

Tall men rarely have well developed bodies. They have round shoulders from stooping. Few of them have properly proportioned muscular development. Hospital experience proves that the average tall man is not as healthy as shorter members of his sex.

Most tall men are underweight. The human body, like many other machines, functions best in an average man and if you become too tall your strength is wasted in the extra height.

The theory does not apply in the cases of perfectly proportioned tall men, but not one six-footer in a hundred is "normal" in the relation of legs to torso.

Biggest Bunch of Grapes?

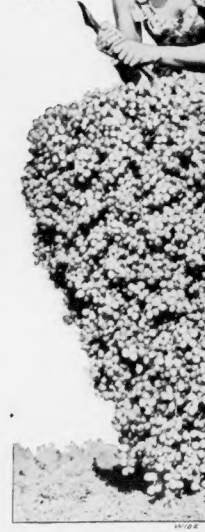
ENTHUSIASTIC boosters of Escondido, California, who say that clusters of grapes grow so big in their vineyards that they have to be picked with a derrick and carried away on a truck are not exactly indulging in a flight of fancy, as the accompanying picture shows.

The bunch of muscat grapes with Miss Margery Sweet, an Escondido beauty acting as chaperon, is believed to be the biggest in the world in three ways—according to weight, bulk and

number. So say the California vintners and they probably are right for they took the trouble to check on the matter with growers of muscat grapes in other parts of the world.

For lovers of statistics, they also point out that the grapes in this single cluster are sufficient to fill to overflowing 100 derby hats laid end to end and that when pressed—without the hats—enough wine would be produced to supply several families for a year.

Every year, in the wine-making communities of France, Spain and Italy, the populace turns out to make merry at fiestas and carnivals to celebrate the harvest of the vineyard and costume galleons of the fermented juice of the grape. Always big bunches of grapes are driven through the streets on floats, but seldom are the bunches as big as the one grown in California.



Miss Margery Sweet—a Comedy and Most Appropriately Named Young Woman—Holding What Is Believed to Be the Largest Single Bunch of Muscat Grapes Ever Grown. This Rare Product of the Vine Came From the Fertile Soil of Escondido, California.

Barbers More Talkative Than Ever, Veteran Shaver Finds

ALL reports to the contrary, Dave Sharp, sixty-eight-year-old barber, who now cuts the hair and shaves the faces of the citizens of Holtsville, Oklahoma, insists that his colleagues of the razor and shears are more talkative than ever.

"Hundreds of jokes have been written around the ubiquitous tonsorial artist," says Mr. Sharp. "Time was when these yarns were half libelous. When I first took up the trade, about a half century ago, barbers seldom chatted with customers unless the customers invited conversation. But it's sure different nowadays. It seems the more talk you make the better your rating is as a shaver and cutter of hair."

The veteran barber, who has practiced his profession in many places here and there about the country, prefers to do his work in comparative silence, but with him the customer is always right, and if chit-chat is wanted he'll keep up his end.

He refuses, however, to enter into discussions or debates on two subjects—politics and religion.

"Experience has taught me," he says, "that people are seldom calm and logical about their ideas on how the world should be run and where we would end after death. If anywhere. Such confab is likely to get quickly and violently out of hand—and they're no good for the barbering business."

At the same time, Mr. Sharp points

out, the average barber who does engage in conversation with his customers, can't get away with the small talk that made for most of the discussions a few years ago. Sport has become the number one topic, with prize fighting, baseball or football in season, and horse racing selected in that order.

Naturally, in order to talk intelligently about these things, the modern barber must be well posted.

Not only does he do a lot of newspaper reading these days—from current topics right through to financial news, but in order to discuss other things intelligently, many a barber dips in philosophy, browses through psychology and dabbles with a lot of other "isms" and "ologies."

Mr. Sharp says the biggest thrill of his career was the time he shaved Jim Jeffries, who that gentleman was the champion heavyweight boxer of the world.

Most barbers, according to the veteran, know when to talk and when to cut a head of hair or shave a chin in silence, and they try to adjust their manner to that of the customer. It's a fine point because a patron who wants to talk reverts silence and one who wants no palaver with his tonsorial work is quick to make that fact plain.

An "Iron Horse" You Really Can Ride

CASEY JONES, famous railroad engineer of song and story, would probably have been delighted to sit in the cab and open wide the throttle of the miniature locomotive which toots and chugs along at a good clip as it tows a number of cars around the grounds at Dreamland Park, Margate, England.

The little engine, which is a scale model of a regular locomotive in service in England is perfect in every particular from its powerful drive wheels to its safety valve and it has proven to be one of the most popular attractions at the park. It is steam-driven, has a coal tender attached and is operated just as its big brothers are.

Casey would never have approved of the way the "Iron Horse" is ridden, however. In his day women not only did not wear slacks but they would have had the seats of their pants promptly scorched if they had tried to mount the hot boiler of his locomotive.

The park manager, realizing the tremendous temptation which the boiler of the miniature engine would prove to visitors, anticipated the pants-scorching hazard when the train went into service. An outer shell was built around the boiler itself with a lining of asbestos placed in between. Thus when No. 2 comes puffing up to the station and there is a mad scramble for the preferred seats on the locomotive, the manager remains at ease.

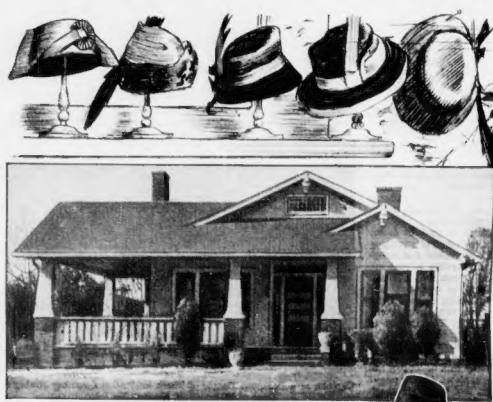
Several miles of narrow gauge track make it possible for No. 2 to give its passengers a long ride to the various attractions and points of interest at the park.



Three Fair Holiday-Makers at Dreamland Park, Margate, England, Enjoying a Spin Astride One of the Smallest Practical Locomotives in the World.

Would Have Been Farce if it Hadn't Been Tragedy

Dr. Martin's Habit of Going on Shooting Sprees in His Kentucky Home Was Amusing Especially When He Used His Fourth Wife's Hats for Targets, but the Fun Was All Over on the Day That He Wound Up His Practice by Killing Both His In-Laws



The Martin Home at Lafayette, Kentucky, Scene of the Shootings Which Ended With the Deaths of Mr. and Mrs. McNichols.

BANG! went the doctor's gun followed by a hoarse cry from his fourth wife.

"I don't like that malignant growth in the top of your hat," Dr. H. E. Martin of Lafayette, Kentucky, had explained as he shot the woman into the air.

This playfulness was overlooked by everyone except Mrs. Martin. Also nothing was done about it when the doctor's target practice on hats, suitcases and other household articles broke up a Sunday service in the Christian church next door.

He was a good country doctor who would drive twice as far as a taxi driver for a dollar, throwing in medicine and diagnosis to boot. He understood the physical complaints of the 500 persons in that little community as well that none felt like making a legal complaint against him.

But on the Sunday morning of November 21, after treating himself interlarded with spiritous fragments, he went a little too far when he filled his father-in-law and mother-in-law with lead pills. By Martin is still writing prescriptions for his patients, but makes no calls and his office has been transferred to a cell in the County Jail at Hopkinsville, where he faces charges of willful murder. Mrs. Martin is said to have seized a gun and fired six shots, for which she also was held until she convinced the authorities that they were all aimed at her husband.

The fourth Mrs. Martin seems to be a good woman but a bad shot, because none of her pills got into the physician's system. At the hearing before County Judge W. O. Soyars this star witness had to remain silent because the laws of Kentucky forbid husbands and wives from testifying against each other. She sat among the lawyers and witnesses for the prosecution when the eyes of her husband steadfastly sought to vote her, but never once did he catch her glance. Instead this attractive woman, thirty-four years old, showed her feelings toward the sixty-year-old physician by starting up for divorce on the ground of extreme cruelty. She may win her freedom in time to make it possible for her to take the witness stand against Dr. Martin.

Equally important from the point of view of the defense is a silent witness, the bullet-riddled screen door of the Martin home and the pretty, though not so silent one, Miss Frances Griffey, just old enough to vote. She was the physician's office assistant, also doing the housework and milking the family's one cow. For all this she received three dollars a week, her room and board. In addition she could have all Mrs. Martin's cast-off clothes provided she pleased the mistress of the house. This proved so difficult that Frances decided to forfeit the clothing and not try.

Anyhow the first articles offered her were hardly likely to stir a girl's ambition, being bonnets that the doctor had used for targets.

There is a slight difference of opinion about this matter of preference. Miss Griffey said it involved confiding to her mistress what certain women patients said and did in the privacy of the doctor's sanctum. Since even a physician must not tell these things to his own wife, it would be unprofessional of his assistant and she had to decline.

Mrs. Martin denies any such prying questions and says she was hard to please for other reasons. For instance she had been informed that the doctor and his attractive assistant went on long drives together, including one on the evening before the shooting. Miss Griffey admits that particular joy-ride, but

asserts that a boy-friend was alone and should be construed as a chaperone.

Whatever the reason for it, Mrs. Martin states that for some time her husband had been treating her cold and finally when she chided him about it, downright cruel.

His worst cruelty, she says, consisted in snatching her newest bonnets right from her head and placing them in front of the fireplace and using them as targets for pistol practice.

To her agonized entreaties, he made such heartless replies as "I don't like these off-the-face hats."

So saying he would shoot one hat after another full of holes until it was off the head forever. She replaced one with a hat that had a vane. Seeing this he stood it up and ridiculed the lackleers headgear until the vane came off.

"Now that I have shot the shovel away from it," he said, "you can swear the rest for one of those off-the-face things, so what are you screaming about?"

From another he shot the cockade which the milliner had pronounced "cockade" and charged accordingly. If the wife is to be believed, this and other forms of cruelty had been going on intensively for three days before the fatal shooting, due to the fact that the doctor had been doing himself with the fine Bourbon whiskey for which the state is famous.

On that Sunday morning, men and women going to church next door paid little attention to the occasional explosions which rattled the stained glass windows. It was more than a year since his Sabbath shooting had broken up one of their services and they had gotten used to it. It is said that some of the old men were not even disturbed in their sermon raps.

According to Miss Griffey's statement, the doctor had her call his parents-in-law on the telephone, asking them to come right over because their daughter was very sick. Mrs. Martin admits that this was true enough because by that time she was a nervous wreck. Some time after the call the physician's ammunition began to run low, causing him to send Miss Griffey to the local store, with a sample cartridge and money to buy 36 more. It was Sunday, but in these little country stores anyone who is

known can always go around to the kitchen door behind the shop and get the proprietor to hand out whatever is needed.

Frances says that she was just returning when Mrs. L. G. McNichols, one of one of the largest farms in the neighborhood, drove up in response to her telephone call and that she walked up to the front porch and saw that McNichols put his gun in his pocket and said he would "put an end to this thing right now."

She did not enter the house with the others but went around toward the back to hunt for the keys of Mrs. Martin's car.

As she was walking away she heard McNichols say, apparently to Dr. Martin: "God bless you, I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head."

The Martin's wife replied: "I have done all I can for her."

A moment later the shooting began. Dr. D. B. Roach, Lafayette surgeon, gave testimony revealing the utterly

unexpected behavior, sometimes exhibited by dying people. At sound of the shots he had hurried from his office about the distance of a city block away, to find McNichols standing on the lawn in front of the Martin house, shaking hands with several persons in a group of about a dozen men. Upon getting close, Dr. Roach was startled to see blood running from a wound in his abdomen and warned the man that he was in a serious condition.

"Yes," agreed McNichols, "you have operated on me twice, but I guess this time will be the last. Anyway, I got Martin with a bullet right between the eyes. If you don't believe it, go and look at him."

Dr. Roach urged him to get to a hospital at once. To this the fatally wounded man, still standing and talking in a calm, firm voice as if nothing much had happened, answered: "I will, as soon as I get my wife and daughter out of there."

At this point the man who was dying on his feet discovered that he had suddenly become very thirsty, due, no doubt to loss of blood, asked for a bottle of soda water and collapsed.

It was then learned that Dr. Martin had neither been shot between the eyes nor anywhere else, though Mrs. Martin is said to have emptied a pistol at him at close range. The final surprise was finding the body of Mrs. McNichols beneath a trivial and considerable distance from the front door. Two bullets had passed entirely through her body, close to the heart. At first it was supposed that she must have been shot at the front door and somehow managed to get that far away.

Later a kitchen window pane was seen to have a bullet hole in it and it was discovered that if a person had fired from inside the kitchen and the bullets had gone straight, they would have just about hit a woman's heart if standing where Mrs. McNichols's body was found. If the prosecution's reconstruction of the tragedy is correct, Dr. Martin is not only an extraordinary good shot, but a lucky one that the glass did not deflect his bullets. Also he must have been a charmed life.

McNichols died at the hospital after making a statement which has not been given out, and Sheriff Edwin France began to get excited calls on the telephone telling him to come quick because there was shooting at the Martin residence. The sheriff was slow to respond, since, as he says, there was always shooting at that house and, as often as he went there, nobody was hurt and nobody was willing to enter a formal complaint. But when Dr. Roach informed him that one person was dead and another dying, it was another matter. He got going in a hurry.

The sheriff was greeted with frantic warnings from the churchgoers to look out or he would be killed, out Dr. Martin surrendered without the slightest show of resistance. The accused is a brother-in-law of Dennis Murphy, Lieutenant-Governor and once Governor of Mississippi. His defense is that he was attacked by McNichols and that anything he did was in self-defense. With the testimony of

Miss Frances Griffey, the Office Girl Who Says She Refused to Tell Mrs. Martin About the Doctor's Women Clients and Who Milked the Cow When She Wasn't Visiting Patients.

ing in a calm, firm voice as if nothing much had happened, answered: "I will, as soon as I get my wife and daughter out of there."

At this point the man who was dying on his feet discovered that he had suddenly become very thirsty, due, no doubt to loss of blood, asked for a bottle of soda water and collapsed.

It was then learned that Dr. Martin had neither been shot between the eyes nor anywhere else, though Mrs. Martin is said to have emptied a pistol at him at close range. The final surprise was finding the body of Mrs. McNichols beneath a trivial and considerable distance from the front door. Two bullets had passed entirely through her body, close to the heart. At first it was supposed that she must have been shot at the front door and somehow managed to get that far away.

Later a kitchen window pane was seen to have a bullet hole in it and it was discovered that if a person had fired from inside the kitchen and the bullets had gone straight, they would have just about hit a woman's heart if standing where Mrs. McNichols's body was found. If the prosecution's reconstruction of the tragedy is correct, Dr. Martin is not only an extraordinary good shot, but a lucky one that the glass did not deflect his bullets. Also he must have been a charmed life.

McNichols died at the hospital after making a statement which has not been given out, and Sheriff Edwin France began to get excited calls on the telephone telling him to come quick because there was shooting at the Martin residence. The sheriff was slow to respond, since, as he says, there was always shooting at that house and, as often as he went there, nobody was hurt and nobody was willing to enter a formal complaint. But when Dr. Roach informed him that one person was dead and another dying, it was another matter. He got going in a hurry.

The sheriff was greeted with frantic warnings from the churchgoers to look out or he would be killed, out Dr. Martin surrendered without the slightest show of resistance. The accused is a brother-in-law of Dennis Murphy, Lieutenant-Governor and once Governor of Mississippi. His defense is that he was attacked by McNichols and that anything he did was in self-defense. With the testimony of

Dr. Martin Would Place Mrs. Martin's Hats in a Row for the Strange Target Practice That Ended, Killing Prompting Him, in the Death of His Wife's Parents.

Miss Griffey and Dr. Roach to aid him, it looks as if he had a strong case as far as McNichols is concerned.

The shooting of the unmarried mother-in-law through the kitchen window, may not be so easy to explain. That the bullets which killed her came from that window seems evident from the fact that by following the line of flight a bullet would take from that hole in the glass, after passing through her body, one was found some distance beyond. It is said to have been fired from Dr. Martin's 32-caliber pistol. The one the father-in-law was was a 44, and there was also a 22 reserved for hats and other target work. Dr. Martin was bound over for the grand jury and held on \$20,000 bail. The prisoner made no effort to raise this sum, saying that he feared the vengeance of other members of the McNichols family and preferred the safety of jail. The prosecution was quite upset that the defense had carried away the screen door, but the commonwealth has the doctor's wife, who may be even more important, if divorce unhinders this verbal machine gun in time for the trial.

Leaving his third wife behind him in Tennessee, to get a divorce, Dr. Martin had crossed the state line into Trigg County, Kentucky. There, after trying his luck for a while, he moved over to Christian, buying the practice of a Lafayette physician. Then about ten years ago, he married Miss Beulah McNichols, who was then 21 and he about 50.

When there is such great difference in ages usually it is the older marriage partner who suffers the pangs of jealousy, but not in this case. Beulah seems to have been haunted from the start by that condition peculiar to the wife of a physician. She saw women patients, seemingly sparkling with health and vitality, making long and frequent calls at the office. Some of these patients, she had heard, were no better than they ought to be, but when she forbade one of them to see the doctor again, she heard that it only meant that he visited her, instead.

The wife of most any other sort of man on learning that a woman she does not approve has visited his office, can cross-question him as to every word that passed between them. He cannot very gracefully refuse, and not being a playwright, some of that dialogue will not ring true unless it is justified by the physician. The physician, however, knows that professional ethics, the law and public opinion will back him up.

Whether the doctor's alleged and unproved infidelities justified his wife's jealousy or her unjustified jealousy justified his coldness, which grew into cruelty, may never be known. But no nervous condition became so serious that she could not sleep and the doctor was giving her chloral hydrate, the substance knockout drops are made of, to get her to sleep nights. She asks \$100 a month alimony.

Dr. Martin Would Place Mrs. Martin's Hats in a Row for the Strange Target Practice That Ended, Killing Prompting Him, in the Death of His Wife's Parents.

Miss Griffey and Dr. Roach to aid him, it looks as if he had a strong case as far as McNichols is concerned.

The shooting of the unmarried mother-in-law through the kitchen window, may not be so easy to explain. That the bullets which killed her came from that window seems evident from the fact that by following the line of flight a bullet would take from that hole in the glass, after passing through her body, one was found some distance beyond. It is said to have been fired from Dr. Martin's 32-caliber pistol. The one the father-in-law was was a 44, and there was also a 22 reserved for hats and other target work. Dr. Martin was bound over for the grand jury and held on \$20,000 bail. The prisoner made no effort to raise this sum, saying that he feared the vengeance of other members of the McNichols family and preferred the safety of jail. The prosecution was quite upset that the defense had carried away the screen door, but the commonwealth has the doctor's wife, who may be even more important, if divorce unhinders this verbal machine gun in time for the trial.

Leaving his third wife behind him in Tennessee, to get a divorce, Dr. Martin had crossed the state line into Trigg County, Kentucky. There, after trying his luck for a while, he moved over to Christian, buying the practice of a Lafayette physician. Then about ten years ago, he married Miss Beulah McNichols, who was then 21 and he about 50.

When there is such great difference in ages usually it is the older marriage partner who suffers the pangs of jealousy, but not in this case. Beulah seems to have been haunted from the start by that condition peculiar to the wife of a physician. She saw women patients, seemingly sparkling with health and vitality, making long and frequent calls at the office. Some of these patients, she had heard, were no better than they ought to be, but when she forbade one of them to see the doctor again, she heard that it only meant that he visited her, instead.

The wife of most any other sort of man on learning that a woman she does not approve has visited his office, can cross-question him as to every word that passed between them. He cannot very gracefully refuse, and not being a playwright, some of that dialogue will not ring true unless it is justified by the physician. The physician, however, knows that professional ethics, the law and public opinion will back him up.

Whether the doctor's alleged and unproved infidelities justified his wife's jealousy or her unjustified jealousy justified his coldness, which grew into cruelty, may never be known. But no nervous condition became so serious that she could not sleep and the doctor was giving her chloral hydrate, the substance knockout drops are made of, to get her to sleep nights. She asks \$100 a month alimony.

H. E. Martin, the Country Doctor Accused of the Double Murder.



So That She Might Legally Testify Against Her Husband, Mrs. Martin Has Applied for a Divorce.

known can always go around to the kitchen door behind the shop and get the proprietor to hand out whatever is needed.

Frances says that she was just returning when Mrs. L. G. McNichols, one of one of the largest farms in the neighborhood, drove up in response to her telephone call and that she walked up to the front porch and saw that McNichols put his gun in his pocket and said he would "put an end to this thing right now."

She did not enter the house with the others but went around toward the back to hunt for the keys of Mrs. Martin's car.

As she was walking away she heard McNichols say, apparently to Dr. Martin: "God bless you, I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head."

The Martin's wife replied: "I have done all I can for her."

unexpected behavior, sometimes exhibited by dying people. At sound of the shots he had hurried from his office about the distance of a city block away, to find McNichols standing on the lawn in front of the Martin house, shaking hands with several persons in a group of about a dozen men. Upon getting close, Dr. Roach was startled to see blood running from a wound in his abdomen and warned the man that he was in a serious condition.

"Yes," agreed McNichols, "you have operated on me twice, but I guess this time will be the last. Anyway, I got Martin with a bullet right between the eyes. If you don't believe it, go and look at him."

Dr. Roach urged him to get to a hospital at once. To this the fatally wounded man, still standing and talking in a calm, firm voice as if nothing much had happened, answered: "I will, as soon as I get my wife and daughter out of there."

At this point the man who was dying on his feet discovered that he had suddenly become very thirsty, due, no doubt to loss of blood, asked for a bottle of soda water and collapsed.

It was then learned that Dr. Martin had neither been shot between the eyes nor anywhere else, though Mrs. Martin is said to have emptied a pistol at him at close range. The final surprise was finding the body of Mrs. McNichols beneath a trivial and considerable distance from the front door. Two bullets had passed entirely through her body, close to the heart. At first it was supposed that she must have been shot at the front door and somehow managed to get that far away.

Later a kitchen window pane was seen to have a bullet hole in it and it was discovered that if a person had fired from inside the kitchen and the bullets had gone straight, they would have just about hit a woman's heart if standing where Mrs. McNichols's body was found. If the prosecution's reconstruction of the tragedy is correct, Dr. Martin is not only an extraordinary good shot, but a lucky one that the glass did not deflect his bullets. Also he must have been a charmed life.

McNichols died at the hospital after making a statement which has not been given out, and Sheriff Edwin France began to get excited calls on the telephone telling him to come quick because there was shooting at the Martin residence. The sheriff was slow to respond, since, as he says, there was always shooting at that house and, as often as he went there, nobody was hurt and nobody was willing to enter a formal complaint. But when Dr. Roach informed him that one person was dead and another dying, it was another matter. He got going in a hurry.

The sheriff was greeted with frantic warnings from the churchgoers to look out or he would be killed, out Dr. Martin surrendered without the slightest show of resistance. The accused is a brother-in-law of Dennis Murphy, Lieutenant-Governor and once Governor of Mississippi. His defense is that he was attacked by McNichols and that anything he did was in self-defense. With the testimony of

Miss Frances Griffey, the Office Girl Who Says She Refused to Tell Mrs. Martin About the Doctor's Women Clients and Who Milked the Cow When She Wasn't Visiting Patients.

ing in a calm, firm voice as if nothing much had happened, answered: "I will, as soon as I get my wife and daughter out of there."

Dr. Martin Would Place Mrs. Martin's Hats in a Row for the Strange Target Practice That Ended, Killing Prompting Him, in the Death of His Wife's Parents.

Miss Griffey and Dr. Roach to aid him, it looks as if he had a strong case as far as McNichols is concerned.

The shooting of the unmarried mother-in-law through the kitchen window, may not be so easy to explain. That the bullets which killed her came from that window seems evident from the fact that by following the line of flight a bullet would take from that hole in the glass, after passing through her body, one was found some distance beyond. It is said to have been fired from Dr. Martin's 32-caliber pistol. The one the father-in-law was was a 44, and there was also a 22 reserved for hats and other target work. Dr. Martin was bound over for the grand jury and held on \$20,000 bail. The prisoner made no effort to raise this sum, saying that he feared the vengeance of other members of the McNichols family and preferred the safety of jail. The prosecution was quite upset that the defense had carried away the screen door, but the commonwealth has the doctor's wife, who may be even more important, if divorce unhinders this verbal machine gun in time for the trial.

Leaving his third wife behind him in Tennessee, to get a divorce, Dr. Martin had crossed the state line into Trigg County, Kentucky. There, after trying his luck for a while, he moved over to Christian, buying the practice of a Lafayette physician. Then about ten years ago, he married Miss Beulah McNichols, who was then 21 and he about 50.

When there is such great difference in ages usually it is the older marriage partner who suffers the pangs of jealousy, but not in this case. Beulah seems to have been haunted from the start by that condition peculiar to the wife of a physician. She saw women patients, seemingly sparkling with health and vitality, making long and frequent calls at the office. Some of these patients, she had heard, were no better than they ought to be, but when she forbade one of them to see the doctor again, she heard that it only meant that he visited her, instead.

Dr. Martin Would Place Mrs. Martin's Hats in a Row for the Strange Target Practice That Ended, Killing Prompting Him, in the Death of His Wife's Parents.

Miss Griffey and Dr. Roach to aid him, it looks as if he had a strong case as far as McNichols is concerned.

The shooting of the unmarried mother-in-law through the kitchen window, may not be so easy to explain. That the bullets which killed her came from that window seems evident from the fact that by following the line of flight a bullet would take from that hole in the glass, after passing through her body, one was found some distance beyond. It is said to have been fired from Dr. Martin's 32-caliber pistol. The one the father-in-law was was a 44, and there was also a 22 reserved for hats and other target work. Dr. Martin was bound over for the grand jury and held on \$20,000 bail. The prisoner made no effort to raise this sum, saying that he feared the vengeance of other members of the McNichols family and preferred the safety of jail. The prosecution was quite upset that the defense had carried away the screen door, but the commonwealth has the doctor's wife, who may be even more important, if divorce unhinders this verbal machine gun in time for the trial.

Leaving his third wife behind him in Tennessee, to get a divorce, Dr. Martin had crossed the state line into Trigg County, Kentucky. There, after trying his luck for a while, he moved over to Christian, buying the practice of a Lafayette physician. Then about ten years ago, he married Miss Beulah McNichols, who was then 21 and he about 50.

When there is such great difference in ages usually it is the older marriage partner who suffers the pangs of jealousy, but not in this case. Beulah seems to have been haunted from the start by that condition peculiar to the wife of a physician. She saw women patients, seemingly sparkling with health and vitality, making long and frequent calls at the office. Some of these patients, she had heard, were no better than they ought to be, but when she forbade one of them to see the doctor again, she heard that it only meant that he visited her, instead.

The wife of most any other sort of man on learning that a woman she does not approve has visited his office, can cross-question him as to every word that passed between them. He cannot very gracefully refuse, and not being a playwright, some of that dialogue will not ring true unless it is justified by the physician. The physician, however, knows that professional ethics, the law and public opinion will back him up.

Whether the doctor's alleged and unproved infidelities justified his wife's jealousy or her unjustified jealousy justified his coldness, which grew into cruelty, may never be known. But no nervous condition became so serious that she could not sleep and the doctor was giving her chloral hydrate, the substance knockout drops are made of, to get her to sleep nights. She asks \$100 a month alimony.

Whether the doctor's alleged and unproved infidelities justified his wife's jealousy or her unjustified jealousy justified his coldness, which grew into cruelty, may never be known. But no nervous condition became so serious that she could not sleep and the doctor was giving her chloral hydrate, the substance knockout drops are made of, to get her to sleep nights. She asks \$100 a month alimony.

Whether the doctor's alleged and unproved infidelities justified his wife's jealousy or her unjustified jealousy justified his coldness, which grew into cruelty, may never be known. But no nervous condition became so serious that she could not sleep and the doctor was giving her chloral hydrate, the substance knockout drops are made of, to get her to sleep nights. She asks \$100 a month alimony.

Whether the doctor's alleged and unproved infidelities justified his wife's jealousy or her unjustified jealousy justified his coldness, which grew into cruelty, may never be known. But no nervous condition became so serious that she could not sleep and the doctor was giving her chloral hydrate, the substance knockout drops are made of, to get her to sleep nights. She asks \$100 a month alimony.

Whether the doctor's alleged and unproved infidelities justified his wife's jealousy or her unjustified jealousy justified his coldness, which grew into cruelty, may never be known. But no nervous condition became so serious that she could not sleep and the doctor was giving her chloral hydrate, the substance knockout drops are made of, to get her to sleep nights. She asks \$100 a month alimony.

Whether the doctor's alleged and unproved infidelities justified his wife's jealousy or her unjustified jealousy justified his coldness, which grew into cruelty, may never be known. But no nervous condition became so serious that she could not sleep and the doctor was giving her chloral hydrate, the substance knockout drops are made of, to get her to sleep nights. She asks \$100 a month alimony.

Whether the doctor's alleged and unproved infidelities justified his wife's jealousy or her unjustified jealousy justified his coldness, which grew into cruelty, may never be known. But no nervous condition became so serious that she could not sleep and the doctor was giving her chloral hydrate, the substance knockout drops are made of, to get her to sleep nights. She asks \$100 a month alimony.

Whether the doctor's alleged and unproved infidelities justified his wife's jealousy or her unjustified jealousy justified his coldness, which grew into cruelty, may never be known. But no nervous condition became so serious that she could not sleep and the doctor was giving her chloral hydrate, the substance knockout drops are made of, to get her to sleep nights. She asks \$100 a month alimony.

Whether the doctor's alleged and unproved infidelities justified his wife's jealousy or her unjustified jealousy justified his coldness, which grew into cruelty, may never be known. But no nervous condition became so serious that she could not sleep and the doctor was giving her chloral hydrate, the substance knockout drops are made of, to get her to sleep nights. She asks \$100 a month alimony.

Whether the doctor's alleged and unproved infidelities justified his wife's jealousy or her unjustified jealousy justified his coldness, which grew into cruelty, may never be known. But no nervous condition became so serious that she could not sleep and the doctor was giving her chloral hydrate, the substance knockout drops are made of, to get her to sleep nights. She asks \$100 a month alimony.

Whether the doctor's alleged and unproved infidelities justified his wife's jealousy or her unjustified jealousy justified his coldness, which grew into cruelty, may never be known. But no nervous condition became so serious that she could not sleep and the doctor was giving her chloral hydrate, the substance knockout drops are made of, to get her to sleep nights. She asks \$100 a month alimony.

Making Fun of the Doctor

He Did the Best He Could Down Through the Centuries, but He Was Ignorant, Often Did Stupid Things and People Laughed at Him and Sometimes Killed Him



Caricature of a Medieval Surgeon in Full Dress, Wearing the Tools of His Trade on the Way to Attend a Patient.

QUAINTLY-SPITEFUL cartoons that have come down from olden times lampooning doctors, surgeons, nurses and hospitals, reveal a public fear and hatred of these individuals and institutions almost impossible for modern people to understand. In the Middle Ages doctors were ignorant and practiced incredibly stupid methods—and people realized it was a dangerous thing to fall into their hands.

Gregory of Tours in the sixth century, advised everybody that it was better to submit to one's pains with the patience of the saints than to call in a surgeon. Until comparatively recent times most people waited till they had one foot in the grave before taking the last desperate chance of sending for the doctor, and hospitals were regarded as way stations to the cemetery.

There was one thing he worried and puzzled rulers of those days could and frequently did do to protect themselves. When the doctor was summoned to the royal sick bed, the first thing he heard was a hint that he had better not lose that particular case unless he wanted to lose his own life immediately afterward. The patient even prophesied what the symptoms in the form of torture would be and the trembling physician knew he would surely feel them.



The Barber-Surgeon in His Sidewalk Shop.

Dr. Howard W. Haggard, in his famous book, "Devils, Drugs and Doctors," mentions some of the unfortunate practitioners who failed to make their masters immortal. He says that in 1560, Gutruin, King of Burgundy, had two surgeons executed on the tomb of his Queen because she died of the plague in spite of their treatment, which consisted among other things of opening all the plague sores. In 1337 a surgeon was thrown into the River Oder because he couldn't cure the blindness of John of Bohemia. He says that Pope John XII burned an unsuccessful surgeon of Florence, and that after the Pope himself died his friends flayed alive the doctor in attendance.

In 1664 the King of Hungary made what he considered a fair proposition to the medical world in general. Anyone who would heal an obdurate arrow wound that was troubling him would receive a handsome fee, but if he failed would be put to death. His Majesty was surprised, after his heralds had shouted this proclamation to the four points of the compass, that no mob of surgeons applied.

This policy was intended to encourage the surgeon to do his best for his Royal patient, but it had its disadvantages. When the rumor spread that there was serious sickness in the capital, the leading practitioners in the capital often hid in cellars and attics.

Dr. Radcliffe had a great reputation as England's leading physician of the seventeenth century. Queen Anne had fired him as court physician because he was so tactless as to tell her that there was nothing the matter with her but "vapours," the equivalent in modern terms of calling her a "prima donna." When she was dying she sent for Dr. Radcliffe just the same, but he begged off.

In spite of this caution the doctor was blamed for her death because everyone said he might have saved her, had he wanted to. Dr. Radcliffe fled from the fury of the populace and three months later died in hiding.

The common person, having no power of life and death over the doctor, imagined that he got an even worse break than did the crowned heads, which is doubtful. The conscientious doctor, not having any real understanding of what it was all about, could only try one experiment after another, until the patient either died or one of the tricks worked and he got well.

Among the most common and persistent delusions was the curative value of water. The ancient Greeks and Romans had been great bathers, but during the dark ages bathing was considered a pagan vice and finally a sin. It was the one sin that was rarely committed except the day a person was married and perhaps one or two other great occasions. Nobody drank water, if he could afford wine or beer because, though germs had not yet been discovered, it had become common knowledge that nearly all wells, cisterns and streams were somehow contaminated.

Nevertheless, they had the firm belief that water, applied externally, was a sovereign remedy for most anything. If the patient had pains in the abdomen which were not relieved by wearing a "cramp ring" on his finger, he would be dragged from bed, laid on his back outdoors while someone poured buckets of cold water on his stomach from as great a height as possible.

In case of fever, anyone could see that the patient was too hot, so he was wrapped in sheets and someone appointed to pump icy well water over him all day. This doubtless cooled him down more than enough, especially if wind was blowing. That method frequently saved a person from dying of typhoid by killing him with pneumonia first.

To give the old-time doctors their due, they certainly had plenty of courage. During visitations of the plague, such as the Black Death, which is estimated to have wiped out nearly half the population of England on one occasion, the doctors and the equally courageous clergy went from one pest-ridden house to another visiting the victims, doing what they could, which was little enough, but their best. Meanwhile armies disbanded in terror and the bravest knights locked themselves in their castles with orders for their archers to shoot anyone who came within range. They were at least a gallant band of charlatans, with no weapons at all, facing an incomprehensible enemy.

Those who survived forgot to give the doctor credit for his bravery in recollection of something else he sometimes did. Today medical men recognize that certain seemingly healthy persons are carriers of such diseases as typhoid fever and common colds, though they show no symptoms. The doctors of the Middle Ages seem to have had a glimmering of this truth, but without any scientific background, got it all wrong. There was indeed a plague carrier, but it seems to have been an insect parasite of the rat, not as the misguided authorities of the time supposed a human being.

If some perfectly healthy man or woman had the bad luck to visit several places, and the plague appeared there soon after that, was often enough to condemn such an unfortunate to being burned as a "plague-spreader."

The first surgeons were barbers, who practiced as a side line because they had razors, soap and hot water and, for amputations, could borrow some of the carpenter's tools. The first men to specialize in surgery were army surgeons, who probably graduated from the barber shop because the records show that for some time they were expected to shave the officers free. They soon learned more about their work, especially human anatomy, than did the barber with his limited experience. But for centuries, particularly in the country and small towns, most people preferred to have a leg amputated or a wound treated by the local barber.

This seems to have been partly because the surgeon had taken on the mysterious and alarming professional manner and jargon of the physician, but quite as much because the surgeon usually wanted to operate in one of those shambles, reeking with filth and disease, called a hospital. There the patient had good reasons to believe that he would succumb to hospital gangrene. If by any chance he escaped or survived, that deadly thing, he must resign himself to coming down with one of the many diseases, such as strychnine, which made it their home all the year around.

Until Pasteur and Lister there was no notion of antiseptics, and even cleanliness of hands and instruments was a personal affair of today after operating, the surgeon sews up the uninfected wound, expecting it to heal from end to end and top to bottom all at once. "By first intentions." In the old days every wound was infected, ran with pus, and if it ever healed did so slowly from the bottom, leaving a hideous scar.

How anyone survived the shock of operation in the days before anesthesia is hard to understand. The method was simply to get enough strong men to hold the patient down.

From the school of Arabian surgery the Crusaders brought back a sort of attempt at antiseptics, not very successful, and it was unpopular that patients usually specified in advance that it was not to be used. This was to counteract the sound with a red-hot iron. In the case of amputation, a hot axe head was laid sideways against the stump, a climax which the wretched patient had to look forward to.



Cartoon of a Pompous Doctor of Much Pretended Learning Mixing a Dose of Ill-Suelling, Useless Medicine.

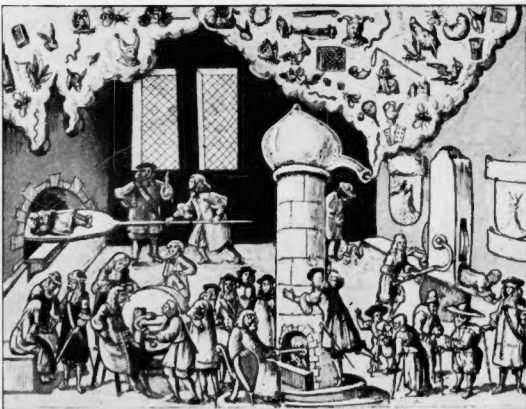
all through the net of his agony.

Some of the stories and pictures in Dr. Haggard's book tell of patients who secretly disobeyed the doctor's orders and, finding themselves rapidly recovering in spite of him, rebelled and drove the impostor out of the house. Army surgeons wore military uniforms, but doctors dressed to suit their fancy. In times of pestilence this included a mask, sometimes with a long iron nose, filled with rags, tow or other dis-infecting substance which gave off smoke, making them look like the fire-breathing dragons in which everyone believed.

From the terrifying being has evolved the modern quiet, soft-spoken, gentle doctor, the friend in need, and his immaculate hospital.



Making Fun of the Silly Fad of the "Water Cure," Which Was Regarded as a Universal Panacea for All Ills.



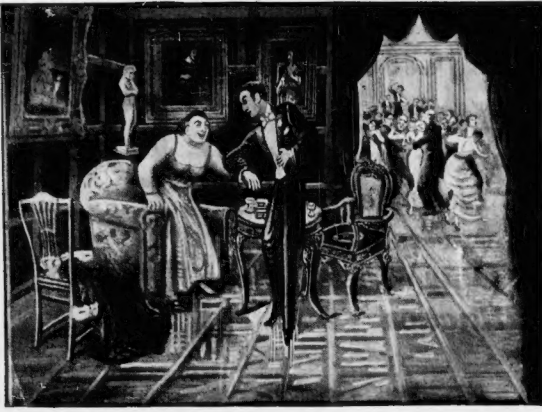
The Charlatan Medical Man of the Middle Ages Impressing the Simple Townsfolk With His Quack Paraphernalia.



This Drawing From a 17th Century Italian Book on Surgery Explains How Sneezing Was Supposed to "Clean" the Brain, Where the Nasal Secretion Was Thought to Be Formed.



Cartoon of a Trading Doctor Drumming Up Trade by Frightening the People With Stories of the Black Death.



"THE SOCIETY GIGOLO," Miss Campbell's Modern Version of The Rake Depicted by Hogarth.

By A Modern Hogarth

Amusing
Paintings
by an
English Girl
Satirizing the
Wakenesses
of Present-day
Society
Inspired by
the Great
18th Century
Caricaturist



"SCANDAL," An Up-to-Date Scene Reminiscent of Hogarth's "Marriage a la Mode."



"THE NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR," An Amusing Satire of Idle Curiosity in the Hogarth Manner.

WILLIAM HOGARTH, the most famous and, in the opinion of many people, the greatest satirist that ever lived, has inspired Miss Molly Campbell to paint a series of amusing satirical pictures of modern English society. Her work has recently been exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, London, under the title, "Social Satires."

Hogarth satirized the drunkenness, gluttony, licentiousness, brutality and cruelty that pervaded English society in the eighteenth century. His pictures abound in one-eyed men, high-placed seducers, unfortunate girls, gluttonous aldermen, cut-throats and drunkards.

Obviously the same tendencies that produced these grotesqueries exist in human nature today, but English society, like American to some extent, has grown more refined and less robust. In England, at least, robbery and murder are not as common and publicly conducted as they were in Hogarth's time.

Miss Campbell has turned her brush to painting the peculiar faults and weaknesses of modern English society with realism, and she has adopted with excellent effect many features of Hogarth's style—the broad humor, the grotesque faces, the amusing attitudes and the liveliness of most of her characters. At the same time she has made good use of the eighteenth century furniture and household decoration that give atmosphere to "The Rake's Progress," "Marriage a la Mode," and other masterpieces of the old satirist.

Miss Campbell is the daughter of a well-known London medical specialist and has had a good opportunity to observe the weaknesses of men and women, but it cannot be said that she has done much in the way of delineating pathological cases and sick persons. She does not paint lunatics and drunkards as Hogarth did.

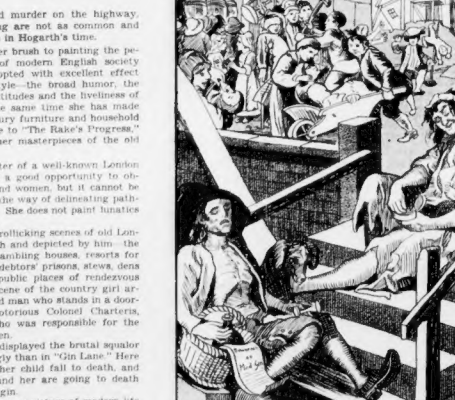
All the most degrading and rollicking scenes of old London were frequented by Hogarth and depicted by him: the disagreeable masquerades, the gambling houses, resorts for highwaymen, thieves' kitchens, debtors' prisons, dens of bullies and quick doctors, public places of rendezvous and so forth. In the famous scene of the country girl arriving in London, the middle-aged man who stands in a doorway, appraising her, is the notorious Colonel Chatterbox, known to the life, the man who was responsible for the downfall of 1,000 innocent women.

In no picture has the artist displayed the brutal squalor of his old London more strikingly than in "Gin Lane." Here the drunken woman is letting her child fall to death, and everybody and everything around her are going to death and ruin under the influence of gin.

Miss Campbell does not offer any picture of modern life corresponding to this. It would be an unpleasant subject for a young woman to handle, and in any case it is denied



"TRIFLETS," An Odd Conception of Miss Campbell's Showing Little That Is Hogarthian Except the Furniture.



"GIN LANE," One of Hogarth's Most Famous and Brutal Caricatures Depicting a London Shum of His Day, But Miss Campbell Finds Nothing as Bad as This in Contemporary London.



WILLIAM HOGARTH



"THE CROSS WORD PUZZLE," Suggestive of Hogarth's Picture of a Poverty-Stricken Post in His Garret.

that anything remotely like this can be witnessed in London today or in any other civilized city.

Women would not be allowed to be drunk in the streets and drop their babies down stairways. If they started to do anything like this in London, policemen would take them to the station. Indeed Hogarth carried satire to the limit in this picture, for it was a companion of "Beer Lane," which showed that nothing but health and happiness flowed from beer.

Typhus, pneumonia, the craving for frivolous amusement, restlessness, idleness, foolish curiosity have taken the place of the robust vices of Hogarth's day, as the modern artist shows.

Instead of a seducer you see a society gigolo, instead of a glutton a dyspeptic, instead of a raving lunatic a cross-word puzzle enthusiast, and so on.

Hogarth was eminent as a painter as well as an engraver, and in the opinion of many his artistic talents are shown more strongly in the former capacity, for he possessed the painter's technique in a high degree. Miss Campbell's satires are also more effective as paintings than they would be as line drawings.

Hogarth, whose work has had an enduring fame since the time he lived, has recently had an increase of popularity. His works have risen in value, many exhibitions of them have been held and great collectors have offered higher prices than ever for them.

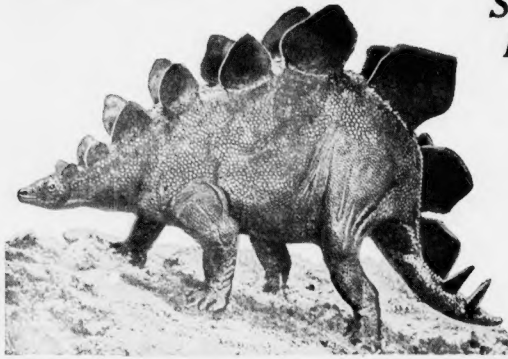
What is the secret of Hogarth's great reputation? Several critics have denied that his satire was convincing. "He does not lead us to the truth with grace and wisdom," says one of these critics, Edward Hutton, "but bludgeons us with facts. Life as he sees it is always on the verge of the ridiculous, so that what we see is not truth or even life, but a sort of caricature without a sense of justice or even pity. When he tells of 'The Rake's Progress' we see the hypocritical lie beneath all the comic eloquence."

But that is a fastidious modern criticism. For over 200 years Hogarth has been a household word to millions of people, the man who painted virtue and vice more clearly than anybody else. Evidently he has great qualities that make a universal appeal.

"His greatest appeal," says the wise Hazlitt, "is that everything in his pictures has life and motion in it. Not only does the business of the scene never stand still but every feature and muscle is put into full play, the exact feeling of the moment is brought out and carried to its utmost height. Besides the excellence of each individual face, the contrast and struggle of particular motives and feelings in the different actors in the scene, contempt and laughter and compassion are conveyed in the happiest and most lively manner."

Will Nature Destroy Mankind as It Did

Scientists Point Out That the Human Race Has Traveled the Same Path of Evolution From Small to Larger and Larger Size and Has Now Perhaps Passed Its Peak and Is on the Way Down-Hill to Extinction



The Huge Stegosaurus, a Heavily Armored, Prehistoric Brute With Bony Plates Protecting the Spine and Nerve Centers, as Well as Its Powerful Tail. But It Had Reached the End of the Road of Development and Its Path Lay Down-Hill to Extinction.

A FEW weeks ago Dr. Barnum Brown, leader of an expedition from the American Museum of Natural History, in New York City, brought back from the wilds of Wyoming footprints and one arm bone of what probably was the most gigantic beast that ever walked the earth, the remarkable "mystery dinosaur" still unnamed by science and known chiefly for its enormous feet and stride, from which experts compute its height as at least 35 feet. Footprints preserved in the soft clay now hardened into rock are nearly a yard across. Five yards is the distance of a single stride.

Perhaps 80,000,000 years ago, when these mystery dinosaurs were in their prime, they must have been lords of all they surveyed. No one would have imagined that they could be conquered or exterminated. Yet that is precisely what Nature had in store for them and their gigantic relatives. Had there been any dinosaur

scientists, they might have predicted that very fate, for creatures that Nature proposes to discard she seems usually to make gigantic before applying the evolutionary axe.

Another ancient creature discovered by Dr. Brown's expedition seems to have resembled the tiny horned toads of the modern deserts in Arizona and California, but the ancient beast was about twenty feet long and five feet wide, although built close to the ground just as are its modern, five-inch relatives. This was another example of what scientists call gigantism, the condition that probably exterminated not only the mystery dinosaurs but many other animals in the past history of evolution.

Gigantism, biologists note, is likely to be the last thing that happens to some kind of plant or animal just before Nature disposes of it forever; a last great burst of size before extinction, and some scientists are convinced that mankind is traveling this self-same road.

A year or two ago Mr. Gerrit S. Miller, fossil expert of the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, called attention to these facts of biology and pointed out their application to man, who now is a giant as compared with his animal ancestors very much as Dr. Brown's mystery dinosaur was when compared with reptiles that preceded it. And if mankind already is a biological giant, and if this means what it always has meant for giant creatures of the past, then men and women of the future may be tiny, brainless creatures existing by tolerance among more powerful organisms, like the tiny horned toads of today contrasted with the ancient twenty-foot giant discovered by Dr. Brown.

Or what is in store for mankind may be complete extinction. Like other giants of the past, the human race may be marked out by evolution for oblivion in favor of some better creature; perhaps some intelligent monkey or bird or insect or some new animal still not evolved.

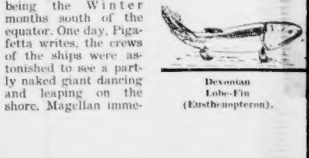
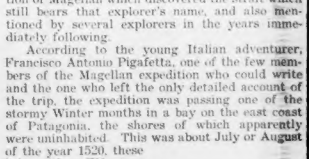
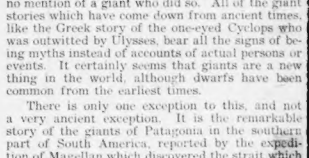
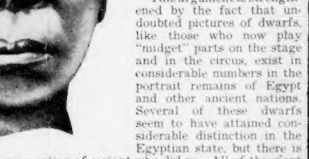
Not only are all men and women giants when compared with tiny creatures like the monkeys, which were man's animal ancestors, but there is some reason to believe that men and women are growing still larger, just as the dinosaurs did before they came to their end. In the Tower of London and in many other European museums there are preserved the suits of steel armor worn during the Middle Ages by great heroes and conquerors, like William the Conqueror who won England for the Normans coming from what is now France. Every once in a while some modern antiquary or athlete tries to get into one of these old-time suits of armor and to wear it. The attempt never succeeds. The armor of these famous warriors invariably is too small.

One story is that the American prizefighter, John L. Sullivan, once tried this on a visit to England and could not squeeze himself into the armor at all. A suit at least a half dozen sizes larger would have been needed to fit him usefully, let alone comfortably. Yet the famous John L. was by no means the largest human being of his



- A—Shark of the Ancient Devonian Period Which Developed All the Essentials of the Human Face Today.
- B—Upper Devonian Air-Breathing, Lobe-Finned Fish.
- C—Lower Carboniferous Age Amphibian.
- D—Permian-Carboniferous Reptile.
- E—Triassic Mammal-Like Reptile.
- F—Cretaceous Mammal. Here Nature Has Evolved Distinctive Features of Eyes Well Placed, an Excellent Nose, a Much-Reduced Mouth, Something of a Fore-head and Ears Outside the Skull.
- G—Lemur-Like Primate—A Little Nearer Approach to Human Features.
- H—Recent Old World Monkey, but Not the Most Intelligent of the Apes.
- I—Chimpanzee, One of the Apes, Which Seems Most Closely to Resemble Man.
- J—Tasmanian Native, a Very Low Order of Human Being.

Drawings from "The Face from Fish to Man," Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.



Photograph of a Model Holding the Tail of Ancestors Were R. tiles Which Gre Until Natur

of stone.

This argument is strengthened by the fact that undoubtedly pictures of dwarfs, like those who now play "midget" parts on the stage and in the circus, exist in considerable numbers in the portrait remains of Egypt and other ancient nations. Several of these dwarfs seem to have attained considerable distinction in the Egyptian state, but there is no mention of a giant who did so. All of the giant stories which have come down from ancient times, like the Greek story of the one-eyed Cyclops who was outwitted by Ulysses, bear all the signs of being myths instead of accounts of actual persons or events. It certainly seems that giants are a new thing in the world, although dwarfs have been common from the earliest times.

There is only one exception to this, and not a very ancient exception. It is the remarkable story of the giants of Patagonia in the southern part of South America, reported by the expedition of Magellan which discovered the strait which still bears that explorer's name, and also mentioned by several explorers in the years immediately following.

According to the young Italian adventurer, Francesco Antonio Pigafetta, one of the few members of the Magellan expedition who could write and the one who left the only detailed account of the trip, the expedition was passing one of the stormy Winter months in a bay on the east coast of Patagonia, the shores of which apparently were uninhabited. This was about July or August of the year 1520, these being the Winter months south of the equator. One day, Pigafetta writes, the crews of the ships were astonished to see a party of naked giant dancing and leaping on the shore. Magellan imme-

Devonian Lobe-Fin (Eusthenopteron).

Splendid Specimen of a Kivu Gorilla. Science Believes That the Gorilla Has Reached Its Largest Physical Development and Is Now Dying Off and Will Become Extinct.

H?



One of the Most Enormous Quadrupeds Ever Produced by Nature—the Huge Giganotosaurus, an Unusually Creature with a 10-Foot Neck and an 80-Foot Tail. A Crocodile Is Shown in the Foreground for Comparison.



Child in the London Zoo Lizard, This Creature's Plated to the Giant Reptile Bigger and Bigger Destroyed Them.

diately sent a boat ashore, with a few sailors, instructed to make friends with this strange visitor, which was doing so successfully that Magellan's vessel approached him. The giant Giganotosaurus, as he is called, states was so tall that the tail of his creature, only to his waist, however, he was well built.

Later the expedition came in contact with a number more of these strange people. One of them saved a large time with the explorers, was baptised a Christian and named John. "This giant," Pige-fetta continues, "pronounced the name of Jesus, the Pater Noster, Ave Maria, and his name as clearly as we did; but he had a terribly strong and loud voice," perhaps not unusual in an individual half again as tall as an ordinary Spaniard.

There follow many other details of these remarkable giants, details which sound far too true to have been invented by someone desirous of bringing home to Europe a mere collection of "tall tales." Other items of Pige-fetta's account of the voyage check remarkably well, furthermore, with facts now known about the various islands and countries which the expedition visited. Although modern scientific men usually reject entirely the story of the giants of Patagonia, there really is no good reason to doubt that Magellan, Pige-fetta and their companions actually did meet and deal with a small group or tribe of people substantially taller than any race that is alive today.

Perhaps this group of people, isolated for generations from other human beings, developed by inheriting some universal disease of the pituitary gland, the gland known to be responsible for creating the modern circus giants. Perhaps, in the end, this gland disease killed all of them, which is why recent explorers never have been able to find descendants of the giants that Magellan saw.

Another possible exception to the gradual increase of stature of mankind is the primitive Cro-Magnon race, who made the famous cave paintings of Southwestern France. Discovered bones prove that these Cro-Magnon folk were at least as tall as the modern Scotch, who average the tallest people of the present time. These and the questionable Patagonians were, however, exceptions to the general rule. Instead of the proverb that "there were giants in those days," it would be truer to say that the only real human giants are in these.

What the scientists have in mind, however, is

not any probable increase in the size of present-day human beings as compared with those of a few hundred or a few thousand years ago, but is the undoubted increase in size of the size of the animals which lived on the earth in the past. It is not only the fact that the animals which lived on the earth in the past were larger than those which live today, but the fact that the animals which lived on the earth in the past were larger than those which live today.

It is unlikely that this has been a mere accident, for the giant forms of the past, and the other apes also are larger than the modern apes in comparison with the tiny monkeys and still lower creatures which constitute by far the larger part of the primeval group of animals, to which both man and the apes belong.

No giant form, Mr. Miller insists, ever lived on the earth in the past. Instead it is the smaller animals of a group that evolved, grew larger and came, in the end, to the class of giants. Accordingly, it is not likely that any animal ancestor of man was as large as a modern gorilla. Instead of the large ancestor which biologists are considering to have been some kind of monkey-like or ape-like animal, presumably a small one.

There is no escape from the undeniable fact that giant creatures usually have become extinct, not long after they became giants, so that pessimists have some ground for predicting the same experience for man.

An example of this, even before the Age of Dinosaurs, happened two hundred million or three hundred million years ago, when the most skillful and ferocious creatures that were alive anywhere on earth were some great beaked monsters which lived in the ocean and belonged to the same group as the modern octopus or cuttlefish. The many-armed octopus still has the sharp, bird-like beak with which to tear its food, just as did these ancient horrors of the seas. But one other thing that the ancient creatures had the modern octopus has lost. This is the shell. The ancient animals had straight or coiled shells, sometimes nearly twenty feet long, provided with air chambers so that they could be made to float at any desired depth in the sea and in one end of which the animals lived.

Billions of these animals must have swarmed in the ancient seas, for geologists find thousands of the shells buried in the rocks and turned to fossils. In the beginning the race was small in size, like one of their very few modern survivors, the Chambered Nautilus made famous in the poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Gradually these creatures grew larger and larger. Many of them developed into vertebrate giants. At the same time some of them began to coil their shells in curious, fantastic ways and to develop useless spines and other appendages, things also recognized by the biologists as signs that the race of animals thus affected is losing its vigor and passing toward extinction. Presently, for no reason that any biologist can divine except that it had run its appointed course, the race of the beaked monsters was dead, except for the quite different creatures like the octopus or the nautilus which sprang from some of its smaller members.



Giant Prehistoric Shellfish. They Spent Part of Their Lives on the Sands of the Primeval Beaches When the Tides Were Low, but They Were Afflicted With Gigantism and Nature Wiped Them Out of Existence.

These smaller survivors seem never to spring from the giant forms dead. These die out completely and forever. It is some smaller relative, not afflicted with the fatal gigantism which man ages to survive, and to continue the evolution of the group, as though's small creature, like the familiar hand organ monkeys of today, might take up the course of evolution among the primates if the great members of this group had not of the earth should lay it down and die.

The most famous example of the way that gigantism usually predicts the extinction of a group of animals is that of the dinosaurs, some of which were the largest and heaviest land animals ever created. One of the great beasts, the Giganotosaurus, certainly grew as long as 120 feet and perhaps fifteen or twenty feet longer, with an 80-foot tail and a long slender 40-foot neck. The weight was probably thirty or forty tons. Some others among the dinosaurs were almost as large; some may have been even larger, for it is by no means certain that fossil hunters have found the largest kinds of dinosaurs which existed or whose bones have been preserved in the rocks. Another of the dinosaurs, the gigantic flesh-eater called the Tyrannosaurus, is described by Professor R. S. Lull as the "largest and most terrible flesh-eating terrestrial animal whose existence is thus far revealed."

Yet all of these giant beasts, billions of which of various kinds, shapes and sizes must once have been alive on earth, have vanished utterly, leaving behind only some tiny, ineffectual descendants such as the rare tuatara lizard of New Zealand, a creature only a few inches in length. One of the great puzzles of evolution always has been to understand why this happened.

One theory is that smaller, more active animals ate the eggs of the dinosaurs and killed the

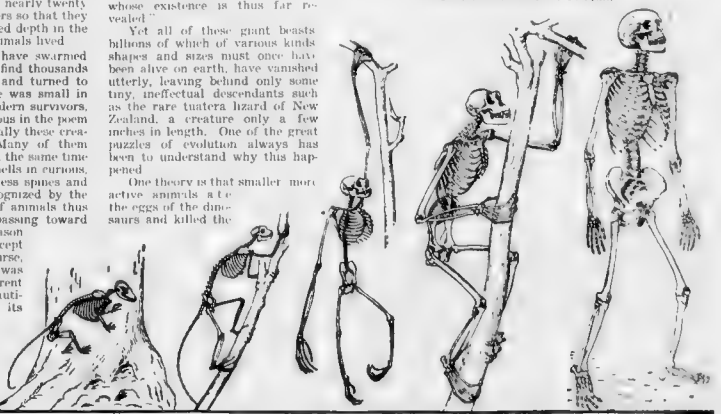
race. Another theory is that the climate changed so that the great beasts, in short of food, were exterminated by cold. Still a third theory is that the sunlight became less intense so that the dinosaurs died because they could not get enough heat. A fourth is that they died because their brains were too small to complete the adaptation of holding with smaller but more brainy creatures.

Most biologists agree, however, that none of these theories of the end of the dinosaurs is really satisfactory. Many experts agree with one distinguished student of the matter, Dr. I. P. Tolmachoff, who believed that there was nothing really wrong with the dinosaurs except that their race was old and worn out and had no vigor for new evolution or even for survival. The size of the great beasts was one sign of this. Another was the appearance, toward the end of the dinosaurs' reign, of many forms with absurd spiny plates and other projections on their bodies, constituting another of the almost infallible signs that a race of animals is senile and close to its end.

Many other examples of both of these rules.

(Continued on Page 16)

Professor Gregory's Chart Showing Structural Series of Skeletons from Fish to Man.



Carboniferous Amphibian (Seymouria), Primitive Permian amphibian (Seymouria), Progressive Triassic (Pro-mammal), Primitive Mammal (Opussum), Primitive Lemniscate (Notharctus), Proto Anthropoid (Anthracos), Typical Anthropoid (Hominid), Man.

Spending Christmas Gift Money

By Mrs. Christine Frederick.
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THE day following Christmas may surely be the best time to earn leisure and relaxation for the home-maker. With a large, successful dinner behind her, with her family and friends alongside, and many lovely gifts for which to be thankful, she may rightly and calmly enjoy a day of idleness.

And this day may be made even more agreeable if she has occasion to plan and consider what she can buy for her home with the holiday gifts of check or money which Santa often leaves behind. Indeed, this practice of giving checks, to be spent as the recipient chooses, has much to recommend it. Such a gift can never be duplicated, and is always sure to please, because the choice is personal. So, what shall we buy with "Christmas money," if happily this has been left in Santa's pack?

Some women are partial to silver, others feel that a linen closet is a special delight. With still others, something for the table or the kitchen seems a happy choice. And many have a new lamp, small end-table or other special piece of furnishings which to dress up or refurbish their living-rooms.

It is gratifying to all buyers that this year, more than ever before, we are offered a wide range of standards and grades in all merchandise. Federal, State and local groups are at bay as the proverbial bee studying how to better inform the consumer in every department of furnishings. Many of the finest of our department stores, for example, are issuing small leaflets which contain quantities, technical points and even to avoid in that particular article, whether it be a covered chair, or a piece of clothing. Fabric testing and fiber-analysis are all the rage among the best, most interested groups of Mrs. Consumer.

Testing laboratories are no longer confined to the walls and halls of universities, but have moved right down to the rear of the department store, where the buyer can see that the silk, silver or aluminum, the chair webbing and the furniture finish, the food product or the bath fixture, are all undergoing a frank, scientific and impartial research.

In short, it is not too much to hope that, within a few years, buying will be a safer thing than it has been in the past, and that, due to labeling, grading and the use of identification tags, merchandise can be bought by even the inexperienced, with no dissatisfaction or comeback about inferior, shoddy or misrepresented goods.

Much advance has been made in informing the consumer on the quality of the lines she wears, whether for beds or table. Even her preferences in sheet sizes are being taken into consideration. For example, many women have said to themselves:

"Why is the hem at the top of a sheet so wide while at the bottom it is thin and skimpy? When I always place the wide hem at the top, it seems to wear the bottom; and yet I cannot reverse it, because the narrow hem looks poorly if used at the top."

But now Mrs. Home-Maker can buy sheets with wide hem, or similar depth hems at both ends of her sheet. This means that the wear will be nearly doubled and is that not an advance and

money-saving of which to be glad?

Other points in linen which the buyer is instructed to watch are: "What is the weight (of a sheet or tablecloth) per square yard?" Or, "Is the selvage strong?" "Are the hems even and neat?" "What is the finish gloss?" Countless other facts and technical information are now made available to the purchaser so that she can buy sheets or, indeed, any other linen, with the satisfaction of getting her money's worth.

How to select overfurnished furniture is another problem which is being well answered in informative informal leaflets. What grade is the webbing? How are the legs fastened in the framework? In short, buying furniture, even the unseen inner framework and springs, is being made less of a risk. Next time you buy a chair, have the salesmen tip it upside-down, ask for a sample of the springs, webbing, etc., on a small block of sectional dummy, such as is often shown with a refrigerator. That is, in a miniature form, the salesman is able to present the various "layers," "springs," "filling" and other materials which go into the chair or into the refrigerator.

Perhaps a soft, colorful wool blanket is just what some home-maker has been longing for, but

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Cereal, Whole Grain Cereal Scrambled Eggs, Toast, Milk or Coffee	Breakfast Cereal, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Milk or Coffee	Breakfast Blood Banquet Omelet, Juice, Cereal, Fruit Salad, Milk or Coffee	Breakfast Stuffed Dried Fruit, Cereal, Baked Beans, Milk or Coffee	Breakfast Orange, Cereal, Fish Cakes, Hashed Potatoes, Toast, Milk or Coffee	Breakfast Grapes, Cereal, Toasted Cakes or Bread, Bacon, Milk or Coffee	Breakfast Tomato Juice, Toasted Cakes or Bread, Bacon, Milk or Coffee
Luncheon Vegetable Casserole, Chicken, Graham Rolls, Fruit Trifle, To with Lemon Dinner Baked Sweet Potatoes, Cabbage Slaw, Roast Beef, Dessert Sour Milk Candy	Luncheon Macaroni Pudding, Chicken, Graham Rolls, Fruit Trifle, To with Lemon Dinner Baked Sweet Potatoes, Cabbage Slaw, Roast Beef, Dessert Sour Milk Candy	Luncheon Macaroni Pudding, Chicken, Graham Rolls, Fruit Trifle, To with Lemon Dinner Baked Sweet Potatoes, Cabbage Slaw, Roast Beef, Dessert Sour Milk Candy	Luncheon Macaroni Pudding, Chicken, Graham Rolls, Fruit Trifle, To with Lemon Dinner Baked Sweet Potatoes, Cabbage Slaw, Roast Beef, Dessert Sour Milk Candy	Luncheon Macaroni Pudding, Chicken, Graham Rolls, Fruit Trifle, To with Lemon Dinner Baked Sweet Potatoes, Cabbage Slaw, Roast Beef, Dessert Sour Milk Candy	Luncheon Macaroni Pudding, Chicken, Graham Rolls, Fruit Trifle, To with Lemon Dinner Baked Sweet Potatoes, Cabbage Slaw, Roast Beef, Dessert Sour Milk Candy	Luncheon Macaroni Pudding, Chicken, Graham Rolls, Fruit Trifle, To with Lemon Dinner Baked Sweet Potatoes, Cabbage Slaw, Roast Beef, Dessert Sour Milk Candy

Tempting Dishes for New Year's

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Chicken a la King.
HAVE ready 2 cups ground or thinly-sliced cooked chicken. Cook 1½ cups sliced mushrooms in 5 tablespoons butter for 5 minutes. Add the chicken, 3 tablespoons minced pimientos, 4 or 5 tablespoons sliced green peppers, 1 tablespoon capers (if you are sure your family likes them), a few grains pepper and 1 teaspoon salt. Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 2½ tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 3 cups thin cream and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Combine a little of the hot mixture with 2 slightly-beaten egg yolks. Return to sauce and stir constantly until egg is set. Add the chicken mixture, reheat over hot water and serve in patties on toast rounds or in timbale cases.

Turkey and Celery in Rolls.
MELT 1 tablespoon butter, add 1 tablespoon flour and blend well. Add ¾ cup thin cream and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Add a few grains salt, a few grains pepper, 1½ cups cooked turkey and ½ cup cooked diced celery. Add 1 slightly-beaten egg yolk diluted with a little of the hot mixture. Reheat over hot water. Serve in hot Vienna rolls, hollowed out to form boxes or cups.

Casserole of Squirrel.
DISJOINT 3 carefully-cleaned squirrels, wash in flour, lay in casserole dish. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and add ¼ cup oil or brown rice. Cover with 2 minced green peppers, 1½ cups diced celery and 1 cup diced tart apple. Sprinkle with ½ cup oil or brown rice. Cover with boiling water and bake in a slow oven, at 350 degrees, until tender, add water as needed.

Duchess Potatoes.
ONE pint of hot new potatoes. Add 2 tablespoons butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 beaten egg yolks and season with salt and pepper to moisten. Shape as desired, brush with a little beaten egg diluted with milk, smooth. Season with salt and taste with salt. Serve as a sauce.

Deviled Turkey.
CUT left-over turkey or chicken in attractive thin slices. Arrange on baking platter, season with 3 tablespoons melted butter and heat in a hot oven, or at about 350 degrees, for 10 minutes. Cook 1 finely-chopped onion and 3 finely-chopped green peppers with 2 tablespoons melted butter until soft, stirring to prevent burning. Add 1 cup diced mushrooms and 2 tablespoons flour until well blended. Add 1 can condensed tomato soup and 1 cup water and continue to simmer smoothly. Season with salt and taste with salt. Serve as a sauce.

Chicken a la King.
HAVE ready 2 cups ground or thinly-sliced cooked chicken. Cook 1½ cups sliced mushrooms in 5 tablespoons butter for 5 minutes. Add the chicken, 3 tablespoons minced pimientos, 4 or 5 tablespoons sliced green peppers, 1 tablespoon capers (if you are sure your family likes them), a few grains pepper and 1 teaspoon salt. Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 2½ tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 3 cups thin cream and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Combine a little of the hot mixture with 2 slightly-beaten egg yolks. Return to sauce and stir constantly until egg is set. Add the chicken mixture, reheat over hot water and serve in patties on toast rounds or in timbale cases.

Turkey and Celery in Rolls.
MELT 1 tablespoon butter, add 1 tablespoon flour and blend well. Add ¾ cup thin cream and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Add a few grains salt, a few grains pepper, 1½ cups cooked turkey and ½ cup cooked diced celery. Add 1 slightly-beaten egg yolk diluted with a little of the hot mixture. Reheat over hot water. Serve in hot Vienna rolls, hollowed out to form boxes or cups.

Casserole of Squirrel.
DISJOINT 3 carefully-cleaned squirrels, wash in flour, lay in casserole dish. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and add ¼ cup oil or brown rice. Cover with 2 minced green peppers, 1½ cups diced celery and 1 cup diced tart apple. Sprinkle with ½ cup oil or brown rice. Cover with boiling water and bake in a slow oven, at 350 degrees, until tender, add water as needed.

Duchess Potatoes.
ONE pint of hot new potatoes. Add 2 tablespoons butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 beaten egg yolks and season with salt and pepper to moisten. Shape as desired, brush with a little beaten egg diluted with milk, smooth. Season with salt and taste with salt. Serve as a sauce.

American Weekly Patterns



PATTERN 3669 - PRINCESS LINES. ADD ALLURE and GUARANTEE A "GORGEOUS FIT" TO THIS DESIGN THAT MAY BE MADE INTO BLIP OR PETTICOAT. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32. Requires 2½ yards 36-inch fabric.

PATTERN 3790 - LITTLE POLY-ANN IS PROUD AS CAN BE OF HER SAUCY BLOOMER-FROCK THAT BOASTS A DIS-

PATTERN 3791 - IF YOU LONG TO LOOK YOUNG AND SLENDER, STITCH UP THIS FLATTERING MODEL. SMOOTH-FITTING LINES THAT FLATTER EVERY TYPE. Designed for women's sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch fabric.

PATTERN 3792 - "HOME SWEET HOME" GAINS ADDED CHARM WHEN DONE IN EASY EMBROIDERY. STITCHES ON A PICTURE-ESQUE PANEL. Pattern 3792 contains a transfer pattern of a

PATTERN 3505 - EASY TO DON SMARTY TO BEHOLD - THIS JAUNTY WRAP-MODEL WITH AN EYE-CATCHING PANELLED FRONT. Designed for women's sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch fabric.

PATTERN 3506 - EASY TO DON SMARTY TO BEHOLD - THIS JAUNTY WRAP-MODEL WITH AN EYE-CATCHING PANELLED FRONT. Designed for women's sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch fabric.

I Don't Take Mental Cases

By Ruth Barr Sarbom

(Continued from Page 18)

dogwood tree. From there I shot Homer Hull.

In the moment of his death, Lamar said: "I thought that Homer Hull saw me. He made a violent gesture, but he did not cry out. The incident started me and I slipped. I should have fallen if I had not saved myself by a hand on top of the wall. Bricks take a coating here quickly, a patina. In this I could see the print of my bare hand. I scrubbed it off with my handkerchief. Then I jumped down and ran. I reached my room without being seen. I was at my window when Miss Putte came back to the terrace."

"I thought you looked a little bit flushed-up," I said. "And no wonder."

He smiled wryly. "I forgot one thing," he admitted. "I meant to leave Lamar's gun for a clue, or for a lead. I forgot to do it. I scrubbed it off with my handkerchief. Then I jumped down and ran. I reached my room without being seen. I was at my window when Miss Putte came back to the terrace."

"That was before you came downstairs?" I interrupted. "Did you leave the lavatory door open?"

"I closed it very carefully," he said. "I had to flush the closet, of course, to catch the handkerchief way."

"Then you closed it?" I said, "what I can't understand is why it remained later on. That was the door, I'm sure. It's got a special switch to it."

Lamar spoke, for the first time. "The night before," he said. "I wrote a letter in regard to my transaction with Mr. Hull, which, pondering it, I decided was indiscreet. I tore it up, but

The MOST PRECIOUS CHILDREN IN THE WORLD

(Yours, of Course)

• Aren't your children too precious to subject them to a cough syrup which contains harsh, irritating ingredients? Try this...
• Don't they deserve a cough syrup specially formulated for them?
• Don't they need a cough syrup that is gentle, soothing, and relieves their coughs without giving them a headache or making them feel worse?
• Don't they need a cough syrup that is gentle, soothing, and relieves their coughs without giving them a headache or making them feel worse?

FOLEY'S COUGH SYRUP

Quick Dependable RELIEF

For the itching from eczema, or simple rash—for that blistered or chafed spot, minor burn or scraped skin and for other skin irritations and injuries, externally applied—apply Resinol Ointment. The soothing effect of its specialized medicine follows quickly as it eases stinging soreness and promotes healing. At all druggists.

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

IS YOUR JOB HARD ON YOUR EYES?

Saves them! Keep them clean and comfortable this simple, sensible way!

Does your job force you to use your eyes steadily? Do they feel tired, irritated, uncomfortable? Here's a modern, proved way to relieve this discomfort! Simply put a few drops of Murine in your eyes each night and morning and see how much better they'll feel! Murine is a special prescription containing 7 helpful ingredients—perfectly harmless.

Use cleansing, soothing Murine for tired, burning, uncomfortable eyes after long hours of work. After late hours. After driving your car. After hot, dry weather. For eye discomfort from common colds, flu, or any other cause.

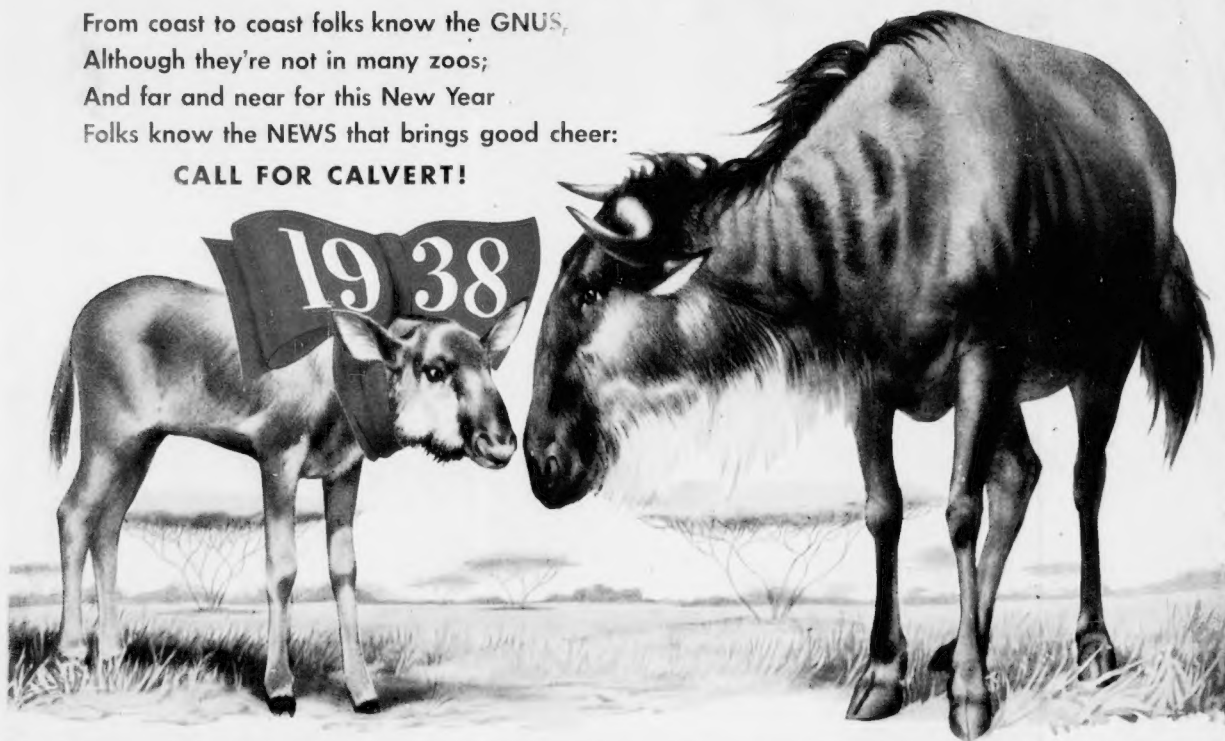
Ingredients printed on package: Petroleum Distillate, Hydrochloric Acid, Hydroxyethylamine, Boric Acid, Sodium Chloride, Sodium Bicarbonate, Sodium Citrate, Sodium Phosphate, Sodium Sulfate, Sodium Tartrate, Sodium Valerate, Sodium Vinate, Sodium Zirconate.

MURINE YOUR EYES Cleanse... Soothe

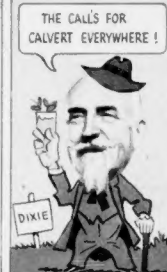
GOOD GNUS *for the New Year!*

From coast to coast folks know the GNUS,
Although they're not in many zoos;
And far and near for this New Year
Folks know the NEWS that brings good cheer:

CALL FOR CALVERT!



**A HINT
for the
HOST
from
COAST
to
COAST**



CLEAR HEADS
[CLEAR HEADED BUYERS]

CALL FOR

Calvert
WHISKIES



COPY: 137 CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., DISTILLERS: RELAY, MD., AND LOUISVILLE, KY. EXECUTIVE OFFICES: CHRYSLER BLDG., N. Y. C. CALVERT'S "RESERVE" BLENDED WHISKY—50 PROOF—50% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS; CALVERT'S "SPECIAL" BLENDED WHISKY—50 PROOF—75% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS; CALVERT'S OLD DRUM BRAND BLENDED WHISKY—50 PROOF—75% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS; CALVERT'S DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN—50 PROOF—DISTILLED FROM 100% AMERICAN GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS; CALVERT'S "KENTUCKY PRIDE"—50 PROOF—KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY; CALVERT CLUB—50 PROOF—STRAIGHT RYE WHISKY.

BUY BETTER WHISKY

Members of the distinguished Calvert Family are Calvert's "Reserve"; Calvert's "Special"; Old Drum Brand Blended Whiskies; Calvert Club Straight Rye Whiskey; Kentucky Pride; Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey; Calvert's Distilled London Dry Gin.

